TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. XLVII. TOLEDO, OHIO. THURSDAY, JULY 10. 1879. NO.

Poetry.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY HENRY S. CORNELL.

When apple-branches, flushed with bloom,
Loud June's warm evenings with perfume,
And balmier grows each perfect day,
And fields are sweet with new-mown hay,
Then, minstrel lone, I hear thy note,
Up from the pasture-thickets float—
Whip-poor-will!

These are the hours to love endeared,
And summoned by thy accents weird,
What wild regrets—what tender pain,
Recalls my youthful dreams again,
As floating down the shadowy years,
That old refrain fond memory hears—
Whip-poor-will!

The garish day inspires thee not;
But hid in some deep-shaded grot,
Thou like a sad recluse dost wait,
The silver hours invokiate,
When every harsher sound is flown,
And groves and glens are thine alone,
Whip-poor-will!

Then, when the rant, voluptuous night
Pants in the young moon's tender light,
And woods, and cliffs, and shimmering streams,
Are splendid in her argent beams—
How thrills the lover's heart to hear
Thy loud staccato, liquid-clear,
Whip-poor-will!

Whence comes thy iterated phrase,
That to the wondering ear conveys
Half-human sounds, yet leaves the sense
With vagueness of intelligence,
And, like a wandering voice of air,
Haunts the dim fields, we know not where,
Whip-poor-will!

—*Scribner for July.*

Our Story Teller.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE;

—OR—

The Dead Alive,

A Startling Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEARCH IN THE GROUNDS.

Grace Roseberry, still listening in the conservatory, saw the door open, and recognized the mistress of the house. She softly drew back and placed herself in safer hiding, beyond the range of view from the dining-room. Lady Janet advanced no further than the threshold. She stood there and looked at her nephew and her adopted daughter in stern silence. Mercy dropped into the chair at her side. Julian kept his place by her. His mind was still stunned by the discovery that had burst on it; his eyes still rested on her in mute terror of inquiry. He was as completely absorbed in the one act of looking at her as if they had been still alone together in the room. Lady Janet was the first of the three who spoke. She addressed herself to her nephew.

"You were right, Mr. Julian Gray," she said, with her bitterest emphasis of tone and manner. "You ought to have found nobody in this room on your return but *me*. I detain you no longer. You are free to leave my house."

Julian looked round at his aunt. She was pointing to the door. In the excited state of his sensibilities at that moment, the action stung to the quick. He answered without his customary consideration for his aunt's age and his aunt's position toward him.

"You apparently forget, Lady Janet, that you are not speaking to one of your footmen," he said. "There are serious reasons (for which you know nothing) for my remaining in your house a little longer. You may rely upon my trespassing on your hospitality as short a time as possible."

He turned again to Mercy as he said those words, and surprised her timidly looking up at him. In the instant when their eyes met, the tumult of emotions struggling in him became suddenly stilled. Sorrow for her—compassionating sorrow—rose in the new calm and filled his heart. Now, and now only, he could read in the wasted and noble face how she had suffered. The pity which he had felt for the unnamed woman grew to a tenfold pity for *her*. The faith which he professed—honestly professed—in the better nature of the unnamed woman strengthened into a tenfold faith in *her*. He addressed himself again to his aunt, in a gentler tone. "This lady," he resumed, "has something to say to me in private which she has not said yet. That is my reason and my apology for not immediately leaving the house."

Still under the impression of what she had seen on entering the room, Lady Janet looked at him in angry amazement. Was Julian actually ignoring Horace Holmcroft's claims, in the presence of Horace Holmcroft's betrothed wife! She appealed to her adopted daughter. "Grace!" she exclaimed, "have you heard him? Have you nothing to say? Must I remind you—"

She stopped. For the first time in Lady Janet's experience of her young companion, she found herself speaking to ears that were deaf to her. Mercy was incapable of listening. Julian's eyes had told her that Julian understood her at last! Lady Janet turned to her nephew once more, and addressed him in the hardest words that she had ever spoken to her sister's son.

"If you have any sense of decency," she said—"I say nothing of sense of honor—you will leave this house, and your acquaintance with that lady will end here. Spare me your protests and excuses: I can place but one interpretation on what I saw when I opened that door."

"You entirely misunderstand what you saw when you opened the door," Julian answered, quietly.

"Perhaps I misunderstood the confession which you made to me not an hour ago!" retorted Lady Janet.

"Julian cast a look of alarm at Mercy. "Don't speak of it!" he said, in a whisper. "She might hear you."

"Do you mean to say she doesn't know you are in love with her?"

"Thank God, she has not the slightest suspicion of it."

There was no mistaking the earnestness with which he made that reply. It proved his innocence as nothing else could have proved it. Lady Janet drew back a step—utterly bewildered; completely at a loss what to say or what to do next. The silence that followed was broken by a knock at the library door. The man servant—with news, and bad news, legibly written in his disturbed face and manner—entered the room. In the nervous irritability of the moment, Lady Janet resented the servant's appearance as a positive offense on the part of the harmless man. "Who sent for you?" she asked, sharply. "What do you mean by interrupting us?"

The servant made his excuses in an oddly bewildered manner.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon. I wished to take the liberty—I wanted to speak to Mr. Julian Gray."

"What is it?" asked Julian.

The man looked earnestly at Lady Janet, hesitated, and glanced at the door, as if he wished himself well out of the room again.

"I hardly know if I can tell you, sir, before her ladyship," he answered.

Lady Janet instantly penetrated the secret of her servant's hesitation. "I know what has happened," she said; "that abominable woman has found her way here again. Am I right?" The man's eyes helplessly consulted Julian. "Yes or no?" cried Lady Janet, imperatively.

"Yes, my lady."

Julian at once assumed the duty of asking the necessary questions.

"Where is she?" he began.

"Somewhere in the grounds, as we suppose, sir."

"Did *you* see her?"

"No, sir."

"Who saw her?"

"The lodge-keeper's wife."

This looked serious. The lodge-keeper's wife had been present while Julian had given his instructions to her husband. She was not likely to have mistaken the identity of the person whom she had discovered.

"How long since?" Julian asked next.

"Not very long, sir."

"Be more particular. *How* long?"

"I didn't hear, sir."

"Did the lodge-keeper's wife speak to the person when she saw her?"

"No, sir; she didn't get the chance, as I understood it. She is a stout woman, if you remember. The other was too quick for her—discovered her, sir, and (as the saying is) gave her the slip."

"In what part of the grounds did it happen?"

The servant pointed in the direction of the side hall. "In that part, sir. Either in the Dutch garden or the shubbery. I am not sure which." It was plain, by this time, that the man's information was too imperfect to be practically of any use. Julian asked if the lodge-keeper's wife was in the house.

"No, sir. Her husband has gone out to search the grounds in her place, and she is minding the gate. They sent their boy with the message. From what I can make out from the lad, they would be thankful if they could get a word more of advice from you, sir."

Julian reflected for a moment. So far as he could estimate them, the probabilities were that the stranger from Mannheim had already made her way into the house; that she had been listening in the billiard-room; that she had found time enough to escape him on his approaching to open the door; and that she was now (in the servant's phrase) "somewhere in the grounds," after eluding the pursuit of the lodge-keeper's wife. The matter was serious. Any mistake in dealing with it might lead to very painful results.

If Julian had correctly anticipated the nature of the confession which Mercy had been on the point of addressing to him, the person whom he had been the means of introducing into the house was—what she had vainly asserted herself to be—no other than the true Grace Roseberry.

Taking this for granted, it was of the utmost importance that he should speak to Grace privately, before she committed herself to any rashly renewed assertion of her claims, and before she could gain access to Lady Janet's adopted daughter. The landlady at her lodgings had already warned him that the object which she held steadily in view was to find her way to "Miss Roseberry" when Lady Janet was not present to take her part, and when no gentlemen were at hand to protect her. "Only let me meet her face to face" (she had said) "and I will make her confess herself the impostor that she is!" As matters now stood, it was impossible to estimate too seriously the mischief which might ensue from such a meeting as this. Everything now depended on Julian's skillful management of an exasperated woman; and nobody, at that moment, knew where the woman was.

In this position of affairs, as Julian understood it, there seemed to be no other alternative than to make inquiries instantly at the lodge, and then to direct the search in person. He looked toward Mercy's chair as he arrived at this resolution. It was a cruel sacrifice of his own anxieties and his own wishes that he deferred continuing the conversation with her from the critical point at which Lady Janet's appearance had interrupted it. Mercy had risen while he had been questioning the servant. The attention which he had failed to accord to what had passed between his aunt and himself she had given to the imperfect statement which he had extracted from the man. Her face plainly showed that she had listened as eagerly as Lady Janet had listened; with this remarkable difference between them, that Lady Janet had looked frightened, and that Lady Janet's companion showed no signs of alarm. She appeared to be interested, perhaps anxious—nothing more. Julian spoke a parting word to his aunt. "Pray compose yourself," he said. "I have little doubt, when I can learn the particulars, that we shall easily find this person in the grounds. There is no reason to be uneasy. I am going to superintend the search myself. I will return to you as soon as possible."

Lady Janet listened absently. There was a certain expression in her eyes which suggested to Julian that her mind was busy with some project of its own. He stopped as he passed Mercy, on his way out by the billiard-room door. It cost him a hard effort to control the contending emotions which the mere act of looking at her now awakened in him. His heart beat fast, his voice sank low, as he spoke to her.

"You shall see me again," he said. "I never was more in earnest in promising you my truest help and sympathy than I am now."

She understood him. Her bosom heaved painfully; her eyes fell to the ground—she made no reply. The tears rose in Julian's eyes as he looked at her. He hurriedly left the room. When he turned to close the billiard room door he heard Lady Janet say, "I will be with you again in a moment, Grace; don't go away." Interpreting these words as meaning that his aunt had some business of her own to attend to in the library, he shut the door. He had just advanced into the smoking-room beyond, when he thought he heard the door open again. He turned round. Lady Janet had followed him.

"Do you wish to speak to me," he asked.

"I want something of you," Lady Janet answered, "before you go."

"What is it?"

"Your card."

"My card?"

"You have just told me not to be uneasy," said the old lady. "I *am* uneasy, for all that. I don't feel as sure as you do that this woman really is in the grounds. She may be lurking somewhere in the house, and she may appear when your back is turned. Remember what you told me." Julian understood the allusion. He made no reply. "The people at the police station close by," pursued Lady Janet, "have instructions to send an experienced man, in plain clothes, to any address indicated on your card the moment they receive it. That is what you told me. For Grace's protection, I want your card before you leave us."

It was impossible for Julian to mention the reasons which now forbade him to make use of his own precautions—in the very face of the emergency which they had been especially intended to meet. How could he declare the true Grace Roseberry to be mad? How could he give the true Grace Roseberry into custody? On the other hand, he had personally pledged himself (when the circumstances appeared to require it) to place the means of legal protection from insult and annoyance at his aunt's disposal. And now, there stood Lady Janet, unaccustomed to have her wishes disregarded by any body, with her hand extended for the card! What was to be done? The one way out of the difficulty appeared to be to temporize for the moment. If he succeeded in discovering the missing woman, he could easily take care that she should be subjected to no needless indignity. If he strived to slip into the house in silence, he could provide against that contingency by sending a second card privately to the police station, forbidding the officer to stir in the affair until he had received further orders. Julian made one stipulation only before he handed his card to his aunt.

"You will not use this, I am sure, without positive and pressing necessity," he said. "But I must make one condition. Promise me to keep my plan for communicating with the police a strict secret—"

"A strict secret from Grace?" interposed Lady Janet. (Julian bowed.) "Do you suppose I want to frighten her? Do you think I have not had anxiety enough about her already? Of course I shall keep it a secret from Grace!"

Reassured on this point, Julian hastened out into the grounds. As soon as his back was turned Lady Janet lifted the gold pencil-case which hung at her watch-chain, and wrote on her nephew's card (for the information of the officer in plain clothes), "*You are wanted at Mablethorpe House.*" This done, she put the card into the old-fashioned pocket of her dress, and returned to the dining room.

Grace was waiting, in obedience to instructions which she had received. For the first moment or two not a word was spoken on either side. Now that she was alone with her adopted daughter, a certain coldness and hardness began to show itself in Lady Janet's manner. The discovery that she had made on opening the drawing-room door still hung on her mind. Julian had certainly convinced her that she had misrepresented what she had seen; but he had convinced her against her will. She had found Mercy deeply agitated; suspiciously silent. Julian might be innocent—she admitted—there was no accounting for the vagaries of men. But the case of Mercy was altogether different. Women did not find themselves in the arms of men without knowing what they were about. Acquitting Julian, Lady Janet declined to acquit Mercy. "There is some secret understanding between them," thought the old lady, "and she's to blame; the women always are!"

Mercy still waited to be spoken to; pale and quiet, silent and submissive. Lady Janet—in a highly uncertain state of temper—was obliged to begin.

"My dear!" she called out, sharply.

"Yes, Lady Janet."

"How much longer are you going to sit there with your mouth shut up and your eyes on the carpet? Have you no opinion to offer on this alarming state of things? You heard what the man said to Julian—I saw you listening. Are you horribly frightened?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"Not even nervous?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"Ha! I should hardly have given you credit for so much courage after my experience of you a week ago. I congratulate you on your recovery. Do you hear? I congratulate you on your recovery."

"Thank you, Lady Janet."

"I am not so composed as you are. We were an excitable set in *my* youth—and I haven't got the better of it yet. I feel nervous. Do you hear? I feel nervous."

"I am sorry, Lady Janet."

"You are very good. Do you know what I am going to do?"

"No, Lady Janet."

"I am going to summon the household. When I say the household, I mean the men; the women are no use. I am afraid I fail to attract your attention?"

"You have my best attention, Lady Janet."

"You are very good again. I said the women were of no use."

"Yes, Lady Janet."

"I mean to place a man-servant on guard at every entrance to the house. I am going to do it at once. Will you come with me?"

"Can I be of any use if I go with your ladyship?"

"You can't be of the slightest use. I give the orders in the house—not you. I had quite another motive in asking you to come with me. I am more considerate of you than you seem to think—I don't like leaving you here by yourself. Do you understand?"

"I am much obliged to your ladyship. I don't mind being left here by myself."

"You don't mind? I never heard of such heroism in my life—out of a novel! Suppose that crazy wretch should find her way in here?"

"She would not frighten me this time as she frightened me before."

"Not too fast, my young lady! Suppose—Good Heavens! now I think of it, there is the conservatory. Suppose she should be hidden in there! Julian is searching the grounds. Who is to search the conservatory?"

"With your ladyship's permission, *I* will search the conservatory."

"You!!!"

"With your ladyship's permission."

"I can hardly believe my own ears! Well, 'Live and learn' is an old proverb. I thought I knew your character. This *is* a change!"

"You forget, Lady Janet, (if I may venture to say so), that the circumstances are changed. She took me by surprise on the last occasion; I am prepared for her now."

"Do you really feel as coolly as you speak?"

"Yes, Lady Janet."

"Have your own way, then. I shall do one thing, however, in case of your having overestimated your own courage. I shall place one of the men in the library. You will only have to ring for him if any thing happens. He will give the alarm—and I shall act accordingly. I have my plan," said her ladyship, comfortably conscious of the card in her pocket.

"Don't look as if you wanted to know what it is. I have no intention of saying any thing about it—except that it will do. Once more, and for the last time—do you stay here? or do you go with me?"

"I stay here."

She respectfully opened the library door for Lady Janet's departure as she made that reply. Throughout the interview she had been carefully and coldly deferential: she had not once lifted her eyes to Lady Janet's face. The conviction in her that a few hours more would, in all probability, see her dismissed from the house had of necessity fettered every word that she spoke—had morally separated her already from the injured mistress whose love she had won in disguise. Utterly incapable of attributing the change in her young companion to the true motive, Lady Janet left the room to summon her domestic garrison, thoroughly puzzled and (as a necessary consequence of that condition) thoroughly displeased. Still holding the library door in her hand, Mercy stood watching with a heavy heart the progress of her benefactress down the length of the room on the way to the front hall beyond. She had honestly loved and respected the warm-hearted, quick-tempered old lady. A sharp pang of pain wrung her as she thought of the time when even the chance utterance of her name would become an unpardonable offense in Lady Janet's house. But there was no shrinking in her now from the ordeal of the confession. She was not only anxious—she was impatient for Julian's return. Before she slept that night Julian's confidence in her should be a confidence that she had deserved.

"Let her own the truth, without the fear of discovery to drive her to it. Let her do justice to the woman whom she has wronged, while that woman is still powerless to expose her. Let her sacrifice every thing that she has gained by the fraud to the sacred duty of atonement. If she can do that, then her repentance has nobly revealed the noble nature that is in her; then she is a woman to be trusted, respected, beloved." Those words were as vividly present to her as if she still heard them falling from his lips. Those other words which had followed them rang as grandly as ever in her ears: "Rise, poor wounded heart! Beautiful, purified soul, God's angels rejoice over you! Take your place among the noblest of God's creatures!" Did the woman live who could hear Julian Gray say that, and who could hesitate, at any sacrifice, at any loss, to justify his belief in her? "Oh!" she thought, longingly, while her eyes followed Lady Janet to the end of the library, "If your worst fears could be realized! If I could only see Grace Roseberry in this room, how fearlessly I could meet her now!"

She closed the library door, while Lady Janet opened the other door which led into the hall. As she turned and looked back into the dining-room a cry of astonment escaped her. There—as if in answer to the aspiration which was still in her mind; there, established in triumph on the chair that she had just left—sat Grace Roseberry, in sinister silence, waiting for her.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

Recovering from the first overpowering sensation of surprise, Mercy rapidly advanced, eager to say her first penitent words. Grace stopped her by a warning gesture of the hand. "No nearer to me," she said, with a look of contemptuous command. "Stay where you are." Mercy paused. Grace's reception had startled her. She instinctively took the chair nearest to her to support herself. Grace raised a warning hand for the second time, and issued another command:

"I forbid you to be seated in my presence. You have no right in this house at all. Remember, if you please, who you are, and who I am."

The tone in which these words were spoken was an insult in itself. Mercy suddenly lifted her head: the angry answer was on her lips. She checked it, and submitted in silence. "I will be worthy of Julian Gray's confidence in me," she thought, as she stood patiently by the chair. "I will bear any thing from the woman whom I have wronged."

In silence the two faced each other; alone together, for the first time since they had met in the French cottage. The contrast between them was strange to see. Grace Roseberry, seated in her chair, little and lean, with her dull, white complexion, with her hard, threatening face, with her shrunken figure, clad in its plain and poor black garments, looked like a being of a lower sphere, compared with Mercy Merrick, standing erect in her rich silken dress: her tall, shapely figure towering over the little creature before her; her grand head bent in graceful submission; gentle, patient, beautiful; a woman whom it was a privilege to look at and a distinction to admire. If a stranger had been told that those two had played their parts in a romance of real life—that one of them was really connected by the ties of relationship with Lady Janet Roy, and that the other had successfully attempted to personate her—he would inevitably, if it had been left to him to guess which was which, have picked out Grace as the counterfeit and Mercy as the true woman. Grace broke the silence. She had waited to open her lips until she had eyed her conquered victim all over, with disdainfully minute attention, from head to foot.

"Stand there. I like to look at you," she said, speaking with a spiteful relish of her own cruel words. "It's no use fainting this time. You have not got Lady Janet Roy to bring you to. There are no gentlemen here to-day to pity you and pick you up. Mercy Merrick, I have got you at last. Thank God, my turn has come! You can't escape me now!"

All the littleness of heart and mind which had first shown itself in Grace at the meeting in the cottage, when Mercy told the sad story of her life, now revealed itself once more. The woman who, in those past times, had felt no impulse to take a suffering and penitent fellow-creature by the hand was the same woman who could feel no pity, who could spare no insolence of triumph, now. Mercy's sweet voice answered her patiently, in low, pleading tones.

"I have not avoided you," she said. "I would have gone to you of my own accord if I had known that you were here. It is my heartfelt wish to own that I have sinned against you, and to make all the atonement that I can. I am too anxious to deserve your forgiveness to have any fear of seeing you."

Conciliatory as the reply was, it was spoken with a simple and modest dignity of manner which roused Grace Roseberry to fury.

"How dare you to speak to me as if you were my equal?" she burst out. "You stand there and answer me as if you had your right and your place in this house. You audacious woman! *I* have my right and my place here—and what am I obliged to do? I am obliged to hang about in the grounds, and fly from the sight of the servants, and hide like a thief, and wait like a beggar, and all for what? For the chance of having a word with *you*. Yes! you, madam! with the air of the Refuge and the dirt of the streets on you!"

Mercy's head sank lower; her hand trembled as it held by the back of the chair. It was hard to bear the reiterated insults heaped on her, but Julian's influence still made itself felt. She answered as patiently as ever.

"If it is your pleasure to use hard words to me," she said, "I have no right to resent them."

"You have no right to anything!" Grace retorted. "You have no right to the gown on your back. Look at yourself, and look at me?" Her eyes traveled with a tigerish stare over Mercy's costly silk dress. "Who gave you that dress? Who gave you those jewels? I know! Lady Janet gave them to Grace Roseberry. Are you Grace Roseberry? That dress is mine. Take off your bracelets and your brooch. They were meant for me."

"You may soon have them, Miss Roseberry. They will not be in my possession many hours longer."

"What do you mean?"

"However badly you may use me, it is my duty to undo the harm that I have done. I am bound to do you justice—I am determined to confess the truth." Grace smiled scornfully.

"You confess!" she said. "Do you think I am fool enough to believe that? You are one shameful, brazen lie from head to foot? Are *you* the woman to give up your silks and your jewels, and your position in this house, and to go back to the Refuge of your own accord? Not you—not you!"

A first faint flush of color showed itself, stealing slowly over Mercy's face: but she still held resolutely by the good influence which Julian had left behind him. She could still say to herself, "Anything rather than disappoint Julian Gray!" Sustained by the courage which *he* had called to life in her, she submitted to her martyrdom as bravely as ever. But there was an ominous change in her now; she could only submit in silence; she could no longer trust herself to answer. The mute endurance in her face additionally exasperated Grace Roseberry.

"You won't confess," she went on. "You have had a week to confess in, and you have not done it yet. No, no! you are of the sort that cheat and lie to the last. I am glad of it; I shall have the joy of exposing you myself before the whole house. I shall be the means of casting you back on the world of Oh! it will be almost worth while. The gone through to see you w dishonor man's hand on your arm, pointing at you and mocking you on your way to jail!"

This time the sting struck deep; the outrage was beyond endurance. Mercy gave the woman who had again and again deliberately insulted her a first warning.

"Miss Roseberry," she said, "I have borne without a murmur the bitterest words you could say to me. Spare me any more insults. Indeed, indeed, I am eager to restore you to your just rights. With my whole heart I say it to you—I am resolved to confess every thing!"

She spoke with trembling earnestness of tone. Grace listened with a hard smile of incredulity and a hard look of contempt.

"You are not far from the bell," she said; "ring it."

Mercy looked at her in speechless surprise. "You are a perfect picture of repentance—you are dying to own the truth," pursued the other, satirically. "Own it before every body, own it at once. Call in Lady Janet—call in Mr. Gray and Mr. Holmcroft—call in the servants. Go down on your knees and acknowledge yourself an impostor before them all. Then I will believe you—not before."

"Don't, don't turn me against you!" cried Mercy, entreatingly."

"What do I care whether you are against me or not?"

"Don't—for your own sake don't go on provoking me much longer!"

"For my own sake? You insolent creature! Do you mean to threaten me?"

With a last desperate effort, her heart beating faster and faster, the blood burning hotter and hotter in her cheeks, Mercy still controlled herself.

"Have some compassion on me!" she pleaded. "Badly as I have behaved to you, I am still a woman like yourself, I can't face the shame of acknowledging what I have done before the whole house. Lady Janet treats me like a daughter; Mr. Holmcroft has engaged himself to marry me. I can't tell Lady Janet and Mr. Holmcroft to their faces that I have cheated them out of their love. But they shall know it for all that. I can, and will, before I rest to-night, tell the whole truth to Mr. Julian Gray."

Grace burst out laughing. "Aha!" she exclaimed, with a cynical outburst of gayety. "Now we have come to it at last!"

"Take care!" said Mercy. "Take care!"

"Mr. Julian Gray! I was behind the billiard-room door.—I saw you coax Mr. Julian Gray to come in! Confession loses all its horrors, and becomes quite a luxury, with Mr. Julian Gray!"

"No more, Miss Roseberry! no more! For God's sake, don't put me beside myself! You have tormented me enough already."

"You haven't been on the streets for nothing. You are a woman with resources; you know the value of having two strings to your bow. If Mr. Holmcroft fails you, you have got Mr. Julian Gray. Ah! you sicken me. *I'll* see that Mr. Holmcroft's eyes are opened; he shall know what a woman he might have married but for Me—"

She checked herself; the next refinement of insult remained suspended on her lips. The woman whom she had outraged suddenly advanced on her. Her eyes staring helplessly upward, saw Mercy Merrick's face, white with the terrible anger which drives the blood back on the heart, bending threateningly over her.

"You will see that Mr. Holmcroft's eyes are opened." Mercy slowly repeated; "he shall know what a woman he might have married but for you!"

She paused, and followed those words by a question which struck a creeping terror through Grace Roseberry, from the hair of her head to the soles of her feet:

"*Who are you?*"

The suppressed fury of look and tone which accompanied that question told, as no violence could have told it, that the limits of Mercy's endurance had been found at last. In the guardian angel's absence the evil genius had done its evil work. The better nature which Julian Gray had brought to life sank, poisoned by the vile venom of a woman's spiteful tongue. An easy and a terrible means of avenging the outrages heaped on her was within Mercy's reach, if she chose to take it. In the frenzy of her indignation she never hesitated — she took it.

"Who are you?" she asked for the second time.

Grace roused herself and attempted to speak. Mercy stopped her with a scornful gesture of her hand.

"I remember," she went on, with the same fiercely-suppressed rage, "You are the mad-woman from the German hospital who came here a week ago. I am not afraid of you this time. Sit down and rest yourself, Mercy Merrick."

Deliberately giving her that name to her face. Mercy turned from her and took the chair which Grace had forbidden her to occupy when the interview began. Grace started to her feet.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"It means," answered Mercy, contemptuously, "that I recall every word I said to you just now. It means that I am resolved to keep my place in this house."

"Are you out of your senses?"

"You are not far from the bell. Ring it. Do what you asked *me* to do. Call in the whole household, and ask them which of us is mad—you or I."

"Mercy Merrick! you shall repent this to the last hour of your life!" Mercy rose again, and fixed her flashing eyes on the woman who still defied her.

"I have had enough of you!" she said. "Leave the house while you *can* leave it. Stay here, and I will send for Lady Janet Roy."

"You can't send for her! You daren't send for her!"

"I can and I dare. You have not a shadow of proof against me. I have got the papers: I am in possession of the place; I have established myself in Lady Janet's confidence. I mean to deserve your opinion of me—I will keep my dresses and my jewels and my position in the house. I deny that I have done wrong. Society has used me cruelly; I owe nothing to society. I have a right to take any advantage of it if I can. I deny that I have injured you. How was I to know that you would come to life again? Have I degraded your name and your character? I have done honor to both. I have won every body's liking and every body's respect. Do you think Lady Janet would have loved you as she loves me? Not she! I tell you to your face I have filled the false position more creditably than you could have filled the true one, and I mean to keep it. I won't give up your name; I won't restore your character! Do your worst: I defy you!"

She poured out these reckless words in one headlong flow which defied interruption. There was no answering her until she was too breathless to say more. Grace seized her opportunity the moment it was within her reach.

"You defy me?" she returned, resolutely. "You won't defy me long. I have written to Canada. My friends will speak for me."

"What of it, if they do? Your friends are strangers here. I am Lady Janet's adopted daughter. Do you think she will believe your friends? She will believe me. She will burn their letters if they write. She will forbid the house to them if they come. I shall be Mrs. Horace Holmcroft in a week's time. Who can take my position? Who can injure me?"

Grace was staggered a little. You forget the matron at the Refuge."

"I will advertise your name, and find the matron in that way,"

"Advertise in every newspaper in London. Do you think I gave a stranger like you the name I really bore in the Refuge? I gave you the name I assumed when I left England. No such person as Mercy Merrick is known to the matron. No such person is known to Mr. Holmcroft. He saw me at the French cottage while you were senseless in bed. I had my gray cloak on; neither he nor any of them saw me in my nurse's dress. Inquiries have been made about me on the Continent—and (I happen to know from the person who made them) with no result. I am safe in your place; I am known by your name. I am Grace Roseberry; and you are Mercy Merrick. Disprove it if you can.

Summing up the unassailable security of her false position in those closing words, Mercy pointed significantly to the billiard-room door.

"You were hiding there, by your own confession," she said. "You know your way out by that door. Will you leave the room?"

"I won't stir a step!"

Mercy walked to a side-table, and struck the bell placed on it.

At the same moment the billiard-room door opened. Julian Gray appeared—returning from his unsuccessful search in the grounds.

He had barely crossed the threshold before the library door was thrown open next by the servant posted in the room. The man drew back respectfully, and gave admission to Lady Janet Roy. She was followed by Horace Holmcroft with his mother's wedding present to Mercy in his hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Blade.

ANDERSONVILLE.

A STORY OF SOUTHERN PRISONS.

The Life of a Prisoner of War in Richmond, Andersonville, Savannah, Millen, Charleston and Florence.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

[Copyright Secured, 1878.]

CHAPTER LX.

LEAVING FLORENCE.

Things had gone on in the way described in the previous chapter until past the middle of February. For more than a week every waking hour was spent in anxious expectancy of Sherman—listening for the far-off rattle of his guns, scanning the distant woods to see the Rebels falling back in hopeless confusion before the pursuit of his dashing advance. Though we became as impatient as those ancient sentinels who for 10 long years stood upon the Grecian hills to catch the first glimpse of the flames of burning Troy, Sherman came not. We afterwards learned that two expeditions were sent down towards us, but they met with unexpected resistance, and were turned back.

One day all of us who were able to walk were made to fall in and march over to the railroad, where we were loaded into box cars. The sick—except those who were manifestly dying—were loaded into wagons and hauled over. The dying were left to their fate, without any companions or nurses.

The train started off in a northeasterly direction, and as we went through Florence the skies were crimson with great fires, burning in all directions. We were told this was cotton and military stores being destroyed in anticipation of a visit from a part of Sherman's forces.

When morning came we were still running in the same direction that we started. In the confusion of loading us upon the cars the previous evening, I had been allowed to approach too near a Rebel officer's stock of rations, and the result was his being the loser and myself the gainer of a canteen filled with fairly good molasses. Andrews and I had some corn bread, and we breakfasted sumptuously upon it and the molasses, which were certainly none-the-less sweet from having been stolen. Our meal over we began reconnoitering, as much for employment as anything else. We were in the front end of a box car. With a saw made on the back of a case-knife, we cut a hole through the boards big enough to permit us to pass out, and perhaps escape. We found that we were on the foremost box car of the train—the next vehicle to us being a passenger coach, in which were the Rebel officers. On the rear platform of this car was seated one of their servants—a trusty old slave, well dressed, for a negro, and as respectful as his class usually was. Said I to him:

"Well, uncle, where are they taking us?"

He replied: "Well, sah, I couldn't rightly say."

"But you could guess, if you tried, couldn't you?"

"Yes sah." He gave a quick look around to see if the door behind him was so securely shut that he could not be overheard by the Rebels inside the car, his dull stolid face lighted up as a negro's always does in the excitement of doing something cunning, and he said in a loud whisper:

"Dey's a-gwine to take you to Wilmington—*if dey kin git you dar!*"

"Can get us there!" said I in astonishment. "Is there anything to prevent them taking us there?"

The dark face filled with inexpressible meaning. Said I:

"It isn't possible that there are Yankees to interfere, is it?"

The great eyes flamed up with intelligence to tell me that I guessed aright; again he glanced nervously around to assure himself that no one was eavesdropping, and he then said in a whisper, just loud enough to be heard above the noise of the moving train:

"*De Yankees took Wilmington yesterday mawnin.*"

The news startled me, but it was true. our troops having driven out the Rebel troops, and entered Wilmington, on the preceding day—the 22d of February, 1865, as I learned afterwards. How this negro came to know more of what was doing on than his masters puzzled me much. That he did know more was beyond question, since if the Rebels in whose charge we were had known of Wilmington's fall, they would not have gone to the trouble of loading us upon the cars, and hauling us 100 miles in the direction of a city which had come into the hand of our men.

It has been asserted by many writers that the negros had some occult means of diffusing important news among the mass of their people, probably by relays of swift runners who traveled at night, going 25 or 30 miles and back before morning. Very astonishing stories are told of things communicated in this way across the length or breadth of the Confederacy. It is said that our officers in the blockading fleet in the Gulf heard from the negros in advance of the publication in the Rebel papers, of the issuance of the Proclamation of Emancipation, and of several of our most important victories. The incident given above proposes me to believe all that has been told of the perfection to which the negros had brought their "grapevine telegraph," as it was jocularly termed. The Rebels believed something of it, too. In spite of their rigorous patrol, an institution dating long before the war, and the severe punishments visited upon negros found off their master's premises without a pass, none of them entertained a doubt that the young negro men were in the habit of making long, mysterious journeys at night, which had other motives than love-making or chicken-stealing. Occasionally a young man would get caught 50 or 75 miles from his "quarters," while on some errand of his own, the nature of which no punishment could make him divulge. His master would be satisfied that he did not intend running away, because he was likely going in the wrong direction, but beyond this nothing could be ascertained. It was a common belief among overseers, when they saw an active, healthy young "buck" sleepy and languid about his work, that he had spent the night on one of these excursions.

The country we were running through—if such straining, toilsome progress as our engine was making could be called running—was a rich turpentine district. We passed through forests where all the trees were marked with long scores through the bark, and running up to a height of 20 feet or more. Into these the turpentine and rosin, running down, were caught, and conveyed by negros to stills near by, where it was prepared for market. The stills were as rude as the mills we had seen in Eastern Tennessee and Kentucky, and were as liable to fiery destruction as a powder house. Every few miles a wide space of ground, burned clean of trees and underbrush, and yet marked by a portion of the stones which had formed the furnace, showed where a turpentine still, managed by careless and ignorant blacks, had been licked up by the breath of flame. They never seemed to re-build on these spots—whether from superstition or other reasons, I know not. Occasionally we came to great piles of barrels of turpentine, rosin and tar, some of which had lain there since the blockade had cut off communications with the outer world. Many of the barrels of rosin had burst, and their contents, melted in the heat of the sun, had run over the ground like streams of lava, covering it to a depth of many inches. At the enormous price rosin, tar and turpentine were commanding in the markets of the world, each of these piles represented a superb fortune. Any one of them, if lying upon the docks of New York, would have yielded enough to make every one of us upon the train comfortable for life. But a few months later the blockade was raised, and they sank to one-thirtieth of their present value.

These terebinthine stores were the property of the plantation lords of the lowlands of North Carolina, who corresponded to the pinchback barons of the rice district of South Carolina. As there, the whites and negros we saw were of the lowest, most squalid type of humanity. The people of the middle and upland districts of North Carolina are a much superior race to the same class in South Carolina. They are mostly of Scotch-Irish descent, with a strong infusion of English-Quaker blood, and resemble much the best of the Virginians. They make an effort to diffuse education, and have many of the virtues of a simple, non-progressive, tolerably industrious middle class. It was here that the strong Union sentiment of North Carolina numbered most of its adherents. The people of the lowlands were as different as if belonging to another race. The enormous mass of ignorance—the 350,000 men and women who could not read or write—were mostly black and white serfs of the great landholders, whose plantations lie within 100 miles of the Atlantic Coast.

As we approached the coast the country became swampier, and our old acquaintance, the cypress, with its malformed "knees," became more and more numerous.

About the middle of the afternoon our train suddenly stopped. Looking out to ascertain the cause, we were electrified to see a Rebel line of battle stretched across the track, about a half mile ahead of the engine, and with its rear toward us. It was as real a line as was ever seen on any field. The double ranks of "Butternuts," with arms gleaming in the afternoon sun, stretched away out through the open pine woods farther than we could see. Close behind the motionless line stood the company officers, leaning on their drawn swords. Behind these still, were the regimental officers, on their horses. On a slight rise of the ground, a group of horsemen, to whom other horsemen momentarily dashed up to or sped away from, showed the station of the General in command. On another knoll, at a little distance were several field pieces, standing "in battery," the cannoniers at the guns, the postillions dismounted and holding their horses by the bits, the caisson men standing in readiness to serve out ammunition. Our men were evidently close at hand in strong force, and the engagement was likely to open at any instant.

For a minute we were speechless with astonishment. Then came a surge of excitement. What should we do? What could we do? Obviously nothing. Eleven hundred, sick, enfeebled prisoners could not even overpower their guards, let alone make such a diversion in the rear of a line of battle as would assist our folks to gain a victory. But while we debated the engine whispered sharply—a frightened shriek it sounded to us—and began pushing our train rapidly backward over the rough and wretched track. Back, back we went, as fast as rosin and pine knots could force the engine to move us. The cars swayed continually back and forth, momentarily threatening to fly the crazy roadway, and roll over an embankment or into one of the adjacent swamps. We would have hailed such a catastrophe, as it would have probably killed more of the guards than of us, and the confusion would have given many of the survivors opportunity to escape. But no such accident happened, and towards midnight we reached the bridge across the Great Pedee River, where our train was stopped by a squad of Rebel cavalrymen, who brought the intelligence that as Kilpatrick was expected into Florence every hour, it would not do to take us there. We were ordered off the cars, and laid down on the banks of the Great Pedee, our guards and the cavalry forming a line around us, and taking precautions to defend the bridge against Kilpatrick, should he find out our whereabouts and come after us.

"Well, Mc." said Andrews, as we adjusted our old overcoat and blanket on the ground for a bed; "I guess we needn't care whether school keeps or not. Our fellows have evidently got both ends of the road, and are coming towards us from each way. There's no road—not even a wagon road—for the Johnnies to run us off on, and I guess all we've got to do is to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Bad as these hounds are, I don't believe they will shoot us down rather than let our folks retake us. At least they won't since Old Winder's d

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1879.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following; subscriptions for the prices named (postage pre-paid):

WEEKLIES.	Single Copy.	With Blade.
Christian at Work	$3 00	$2 25
Chimney Corner	4 00	3 00
Harper's Bazar	4 00	3 00
Harper's Weekly	4 00	3 00
New York Ledger	3 00	2 10
Prairie Farmer	2 00	1 50
Rural New Yorker	3 25	2 75
Scientific American	3 00	2 00
Waverly Magazine	4 00	3 00
Western Rural	2 00	1 75
Chicago Advance	3 00	2 00
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake (Juvenile)	3 00	2 25
St. Nicholas (Juvenile)	3 00	2 25
American Agriculturist	1 20	1 00
Ladies' Floral Cabinet	1 20	1 00
Physiological Journal	2 00	1 75
The Nursery, (Juvenile)	1 50	1 25
Young Folks' Monthly	1 20	1 00
The Sunday School Teacher	1 20	1 00
Picture Gallery, (Juvenile)	50	1 10
The Morning, (Temperance)	75	2 25
American Bee Journal	2 00	1 50
Appleton's Journal	4 00	3 25
Andrews' Bazar	1 00	1 00
Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 25	1 50
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	3 50
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	1 00
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	2 00
" Sunday Magazine	3 00	2 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	3 00
Godey's Lady's Book	2 00	1 50
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	1 75
Scribner's Magazine	4 00	3 00
Sunday Afternoon	3 00	2 00

Our agents everywhere are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates. In making this proposition we only stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber of THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, nor even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer. The magazines and papers are all sent direct from the offices of publication to subscribers, so that there will be no delay in their receipt. No subscriptions received at the above rates for less than one year.

Please remember that we CANNOT ALLOW commissions on subscriptions for the above named papers and magazines, except for THE BLADE, as stated.

As is the invariable custom in all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY-TWO WEEKS.

ANOTHER drop of gall in BEN BUTLER'S cup. Gov. TALBOT has consented to run again.

IT is the moonshiners and counterfeiters who are now most obliged to the Confederate Democracy.

THE Greenbackers threaten big things in Kentucky. It is the kind of a State they ought to succeed in.

WE do not believe that the English troopers galloped away and left the Prince Imperial to his fate. That is not their style.

THERE is a Rhode Island Club that uses the village cemetery for a practice grounds, but its members only intend to make a short stop there at present.

IF the President was a partizan he could do his party no better service than to call Congress back to its duty. It can not help acting so badly as to greatly improve Republican prospects.

IN Paris the editor of the *Triboulet* has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment and 3,000 francs' fine for caricaturing Pres. GREVY, Ministers PERRY and LEPERE, and M. GAMBETTA.

WILLIAM M. TWEED'S heirs are unable to secure that $8,000 insurance held on his life. His running away to Spain without giving the insurance companies notice, is the cause of the forfeit.

NEW YORK *Tribune:* In Nebraska is said to be the quaint and laconic epitaph over the grave of a citizen suddenly deceased: "He Twisted a Mule's Tail." It is understood that the Democratic party will adopt the same epitaph. The solid North will sit for the mule.

NEW YORK *Commercial:* Everybody is said to have a guardian angel. Such being the case, there are a great many little matters which we should like our guardian angel to attend to, although we have a strong suspicion that the aforesaid angel is very frequently away on the by somewhere.

THE appointment of Gen. QUINCY A. GILMORE, hero of Forts Pulaski, Wagner and Sumter, to the Mississippi River Commission, is an excellent one. Gen. GILMORE is one of the best engineers in the United States, and was the finest artillery officer produced by the war on either side. Besides he an Ohio man.

THE Vicksburg (Miss.) *Herald* has no doubt of the meaning of JEFF. DAVIS'S utterances. It says:

If Mr. Davis didn't mean that he yet hoped to see State sovereignty and the right of secession vindicated, it looks to us like he was talking foolishness. "These principles" undoubtedly are State sovereignty and secession. And put "these principles" in a nut-shell and they mean that the Union is a partnership which any State may dissolve at pleasure. Out upon such stuff!

IN the midst of all this hullabaloo made by the Democrats relative to Federal officers participating in elections, let us pause long enough to ask, if when they were in power the Democrats attempted to restrain officers from such interference? The Republicans are the only ones who ever voluntarily curbed their political workers in this direction.

EX-LIEUTENANT GENERAL R. H. ANDERSON, of the Rebel Army who died at Beaufort on Thursday, was one of those who made use of the education given him by the Nation to attempt the destruction of the Nation. As has always been the case with the pinchback aristocrats of South Carolina, his soldiery talents were very moderate. He graduated from West Point in 1842, near the foot of his class, and though he attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Confederate Service, family influence had much more to do with his promotion than soldiership, and few men outside of his little coterie ever heard of him.

THE Superintendent of Public Instruction in Illinois declares that the clause in the revised school law lately adopted by the Legislature of that State does not allow the existence of the High Schools to rest each year upon the popular vote, but it simply provides that the Township High Schools, less than a half dozen in number, may be discontinued, if they were established, by a vote of the people. The other schools are not in the least affected by the clause, and the only object of its passage was to save the former, whose existence was threatened by the fanaticism of a bill to abolish the power to establish them entirely. This explanation pretty much settles different newspaper notices of the matter.

WHY THEY HATE THE MARSHALS.

Though the Democrats were forced by public sentiment to recede from their original program of starving the Government until they secured acquiescence in their designs for perpetuating their power by the pollution of the ballot box, they put the sting of all their contemplated vileness in the bill for the payment of the Marshals. They have a two-fold reason for hating the Marshals: First, these officers represent the civil power and majesty of the United States, and its superiority to the States, State laws, and State officials. When this superiority could be used to annoy and distress the people of the Nation; when Democratic Marshals could pursue runaway negros through one State after another, as regardless of State lines as of rail fences; when they could descend upon any village north of Mason & Dixon's line, and drag away from their homes as many peaceful inhabitants as suited their fancy under the pretense that they were abolitionists, connivers at the John Brown raid, and connected with the underground railroad, then United States Marshals were a sacred institution, the highest officers in the land, and their persons hedged about with that divity which SHAKESPEAR says doth encompass a King. Now, when their mission is to execute the decrees of the National Courts, to carry the wand of Government authority into the remotest parts of the country, and show the moonshiner in the wilds of Tennessee, and the counterfeiter in the inaccessible mountains of Kentucky, that there is a power more potent than the incompetent and worthless local officials with whom these lawbreakers usually come in contact then Marshals become more intolerable to the Democratic mind. They are a living manifestation of the falsity of State's Rightsism, for every exercise of their power is a demonstration of the supremacy of the General Government.

Secondly—These officials are insuperable obstacle in the way of the great swindle which the Democrats propose to perpetrate this Fall and next in order to gain possession of the Government, and retain it for the future. Here is the clause that stares them in the face, when contemplating the carrying out of their grand scheme of ballot box pollution:

SECTION 2,022. The Marshal and his general Deputies, and such special Deputies, shall keep the peace, and support and protect the Supervisors of Election in the discharge of their duties, preserve order at such places of registration and at such polls, prevent fraudulent registration and fraudulent voting thereat, or fraudulent conduct on the part of any officer of election, and immediately, either at the place of registration or polling place, or elsewhere, and either before or after registering or voting, to arrest and take into custody, with or without process, any person who commits, or attempts or offers to commit, any of the acts or offenses prohibited herein, or who commits any offense against the laws of the United States.

Other sections of the law provide that Marshals shall have power to secure the severe punishment of any person who shall interfere with them in the discharge of their duties, and that they are empowered to call for the assistance of the bystanders, and the *posse* of the District, and whoever refuses *or neglects to aid* any Supervisor or Marshal or Deputy Marshal, shall be liable to instant arrest, without process, and to punishment by imprisonment for two years, or by a fine of $3,000, or both.

If this statute could be annulled, if the power of the Marshals and the Supervisors could be broken, then there would be nothing in the way of a Democratic triumph in 1880. They could then carry several States in the North by the same process by which they have made the South solid—by intimidation and gross fraud. With no Marshals or Supervisors to interfere New York City can be made to give any majority necessary to overcome the Republican majority in the rest of the State. The only limitation would be the capacity of the boxes to receive stuffed ballots. If 100,000 are necessary, that number could be put in; if 200,000, then 200,000 could be put in. Sen. BECK, who frequently speaks the truth—apparently unawares—said, the other day, in conversation with several gentlemen, that "in 1876 the Republicans cheated us out of the Presidency; if there is to be any cheating in 1880 we Democrats propose to do it." That they propose to win then, no matter what amount of fraud may be necessary, no one can doubt, and the first step toward the accomplishment of those frauds is to disable the officers of the law whose duty it is to interfere with them.

THAT PICTURE.

A story has been going the rounds that the negros were aroused to a desire to emigrate to Kansas by a picture printed in bright colors which was circulated among them for that purpose. A stone cottage with a piazza overhung with vines was represented. Seated in a comfortable rocking chair, reading the morning paper, was the paternal head of the family, while in the window, shaded by flowing lace draperies, sat the mother, listening contentedly to her daughter playing upon a piano.

The idea that the exodus was in any sense, the product of any such influence is simply absurd. Half starved and miserable, oppressed and maltreated in every way, they were thoroughly discontented with their lot. Ignorant and lazy a large proportion of them maybe but no effort will made to lift them out of their wretched condition or elevate them upon a higher plane. It seemed to be the only object of their former owners to reduce them to a state as near as possible to the slavery from which they had just been emancipated. Their present condition to-day in many localities, is a sort of serfage, out of which, unless there is a change in the whole political and moral atmosphere of the South, there is no more chance of their rising than there is of the Esquimaux becoming a refined and civilized people to-morrow or next year.

The starting of the exodus was, then, the result of a deep-seated discontent with these conditions, and a desire to go where food could be obtained in plenty, and comfort was not a thing unknown. Then their credulity fostered by designing knaves, led them to suppose that within their most favorable dreams was realized in every particular, and the general public in this section, seeing how much fascinating to do with it, presumed that a class of people naturally so restless and unsettled, if finally settled, would have been content to a movement of such magnitude, and not involving the hearing of the lungs of a life-time, is beyond belief.

Even intelligence to the Southern mind gave the lead of prudence. Perhaps there are those who think the exodus a blessing in disguise, and that it will prove a good thing for the negro in the end; but they know that the only beneficiaries at this time would be found in railroad and steamboat companies, and that the negro would be left to suffer the ills of poverty as well as in name.

The end of the exodus is not yet, and there are interests of the greatest magnitude involved. The subject is one to challenge the earnest thought of the most astute statesmen and political economists. The South needs negro labor; the blacks are fitted physically for work beneath burning suns, but the day has come when they can not longer be held in the bondage of the past. Another, and it is to be hoped a better future, is before them, but in what way it is to be attained, through what difficulties and suffering, and what effect it will have upon the agricultural and commercial interests of the country remains to be settled.

103 YEARS AGO.

One hundred and three years ago July 3d a body of gravely deliberating gentlemen, sitting in a close stifling hall in Philadelphia, were approaching a conclusion on a subject which had been debated exhaustively and with almost painful seriousness for many days. They had more to consider than any other class of men who stood around the birth-bed of a new Nation. Before them stood the consequences of unsuccessful revolution, the fearful crime that attaches to those who wantonly precipitate a country upon the sea of bloody warfare; the chances of success were all against them, and the greatest wonder is always that, shrewd, conservative, prudent men—as those who composed that Congress were—should dare the issue of a conflict with the means at their disposal, with the dreaded power of Great Britain. That they did so seems like the same inspiration which induced MOSES to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt.

But still other weighty problems demanded solution. The Nation they were about to found was molded by a pattern entirely different from that of any other in the world. Before this new nations were the servile copyists of those which had preceeded them. Our fathers builded anew, making startling departures from the models which had been accepted up until that time, Who shall say that, sagacious as they were, they did not build wiser than they knew? They not only laid deep and well the foundations of a nation which is to become greater to all the world than the one which NEBUCHEDNEZZAR saw in his his dream, but they set a light upon a hill, which was to illuminate all the people of the earth and teach them the path to happiness and greatness. If those men were led by inspiration to fashion so grand and beneficent a work with such completeness, then there is no miracle about it. If they did it without Divine assistance, then they were the wisest men the world ever saw.

It is the fashion among the Confederates to say that the only difference between these men, and those degenerate ones who, 85 years later, planned and attempt to execute Secession, was success. No falsehood could be more brazen. The men who inaugurated the Revolution were patient, quiet, long-suffering men, who sought, after all other means of amelioration of the unredressed grievances of the country failed, to secure relief through rebellion. The Rebel leaders only sought an excuseto do a thing which they thought would aggrandize themselves. The Fathers of the country exhausted every form of petition and appeal before resorting to the arbitrament of the sword. The Rebels hastened to draw the sword in order to intimidate others into compliance with their demands. One made every effort to avoid, the other to bring on, a war. One began with a solemn appeal for justice and human rights; the other announced as the corner stone of their new Nation, the grossest possible infraction of those rights. One fought for all mankind, the other for the benefit of a few individuals. If there was ever a righteous war, it was that of the Revolution; if ever an unrighteous one, it was that of the Rebellion. The success of the Revolution advanced the cause of liberty throughout the world; the success of the Rebellion would have turned back the hands of progress everywhere.

THE FRANCE OF TO-DAY.

It is very evident that French people are not yet prepared to appreciate and enjoy Republican liberty. There is still too much of the old disposition to violent interference with the Government, if things do not go to suit the masses. Parisian mobs, whose doings mark the history of France with blood, are not dead yet, or at least the spirit that animated them is not, judging from the reason given by the Senatorial Committee who reported against the sitting of the French Assembly in Paris instead of Versailles because it was safer in the latter City in case of a riot. Great precautions have been taken there to protect the members, whose attendance upon the sessions is compulsory. Crowds are not allowed to be formed within a certain distance of the Chambers, and the soldiery is held ready to disperse the groups that may collect for the discussion of any subject.

Given a few decades of quiet legislation, and what promises for the future a stable Government, and the French may learn such a regard for law and order, as to make it safe for their National Legislature to conduct its proceedings without fear of interference. Imagine the United States reduced to the necessity of keeping an armed force at hand to prevent riots during the sittings of Congress. Some of he proceedings there would seem to call for soldiery inside the Capitol rather than out, to keep the peace.

The French people, however, are ex citable. They have always been accustomed to arbitrary rule, and the monarch who knew best how to hold them with an iron hand was the one most beloved. Self-government in the lumen most needed to be learned, and if the new order of things, with the elements which it brings, shall teach it, it will be well for the future prosperity of France.

[illegible] Toledo, and promised to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

Poultry Raising by Steam—Chickens by Thousands—Broilers vs. Boarding-House Fowls.

Correspondence of Toledo Blade.

CHERRYSIDE, near New York, July 5.

THE ALPINE FARM CHICKENS.

Across the Hudson River from Yonkers, high on the top of the Palisades, lies the village of Alpine, or settlement it should be, for it has neither inn, drug store, telegraph, not even a soda water fountain or lager beer barrel, none of the recognized necessities of a community, save a primitive country shop where the mail comes by stage from Closter twice a day. A colony of well-to-do New Yorkers built their houses some years ago on the edge of the cliff, overlooking the Hudson, where they live in picturesque retirement. The mechanics and lesser people whom the needs of the settlement have drawn about them, live in houses fringing the steep road lower down with a sprinkling of summer cottages rented by City families, who are leisurely rescuing their gardens from the overgrown hillside, sylvan and simple as camp-grove surroundings.

Everybody in station below Cresskill, Demarest and Closter, knows of the Alpine Farm poultry houses where chickens are hatched by steam. There are two ways of reaching it, by crossing the river in a skiff from Yonkers and climbing the palisades, or taking a two mile drive steady up hill from the other side. It is a lovely ride of a breezy June morning, through light woodland, where lonely farmsteads are nestling among orchards and foamy white fields of blossoming buckwheat, and silvery rye, where the white rose blooms by the porch and the sweet williams are brave in the gardens. The road takes a steeper climb, between hedges of bramble and tall grave cedars, wrapped by woodbines in most graceful drapery, the fine scent of wild turf fills the air and the honey of wayside clover. The view grows large and indistinct, off to the Suffern hills, a picturesque Summer cottage or two comes in sight, with houses between in clearings as rude as an Western village, the gray stone Norman Church of Alpine idealizes its neighborhood, and with a turn you drive under the arching boughs of the Cliff road. Col. Miles' hedges of dwarf spruce, across which the woodbine is laying its sunny arabesques, give place to the rustic fence of Mr. Nordhoff's grounds, both in that delightful stage when there is still something to be done by way of clearing up, yet with grace breaking through the wildness. Beyond is a plain frame farm house in the untouched wood, with ranges of glass gleaming behind it, farther off among the rocks. They are not greenhouses, but hothouses, they certainly are, devoted, however, to the rearing of chickens—not of flowers or black Hamburg grapes.

The Alpine Farm is raising young chickens or "broilers" for market by wholesale—the only place in the world where it is done by steam on the same scale or by the same process. What we took to be a farm house is really the hotel de poultry, where the eggs are tenderly linked to the hatching point, and their food prepared, for the young chicks have their board on cook and their bills of fare from their first day to their last. The glasshouses are the poultry ranges, where they frolic and feed the brief three months of life allowed them, when they come to the knife as broilers after the lowest taste.

Mr. Woodman of Riverdale is the proprietor and chief director of the establishment which he conducts with scientific interest. The system he has perfected is the result of his observations at home and abroad, in Turkey, and France, where the cultivation, one may say, of poultry is far advanced. In the closet where he was testing eggs there was a large heater, and the wires of a large case containing about a dozen at the end of the room held a chair and a table spread with egg-trays, with a powerful Argand burner over it covered in a sort of dark lantern, with pebbled hole in the side large enough to insert an egg for testing. The eggs had been in the incubating room just five days, after which time they are put in these trays, and for ten days more straw light shows the egg half luminous with a floating shadow and spider-like fines against the light, which are the chick and the large blood-vessels in embryo. In every hundred eggs there are about 12 that will not hatch. These are thrown into trays and stored in the hatching house.

"I warn you," Mr. Woodman said, stepping into the dark closet "that it is pretty warm in here. We are used to it, and don't mind it, but most people find it hard to bear."

The dark closet, about 8x10 in size, was at a stifling degree of heat. Tall frames like those of a fruit drying house held the trays of eggs so closely as they could be placed and still allow air for the breaking chicks. The heat is of that moist, suffocating nature that renders breathing very difficult. The shelves were numbered, with the date of setting and the number of eggs, and those thrown out are carefully noted on slips hung beside the office door. The dark closet, small as it is, will hold 30,000 eggs if desired, if the number could be supplied.

"The farm does not furnish its own eggs," said Mr. Woodman; "we have men who raise them for us, from different farms, some of them 10 miles away. The eggs are laid by hens of prescribed crosses, packed after our method and brought in very light spring wagons. An egg will bear a good deal of moving, in fact, some motion seems to do it good; but a jolt which detaches the embryo from the side of the yolk spoils it for hatching. The spoiled eggs are not lost to us. We use them for feeding the young chickens, and for mixing with their corn bread. They need nothing for the first 24 hours of their life. Then the yolk of the egg supplies them, which every chick, just before hatching, draws into its mouth. Afterwards we give them these lost eggs, hard-boiled and chopped. One egg is enough for 50 chickens, some people say for a hundred, but we are more liberal. They are fed on this for 48 hours, and then they join the others in eating corn bread."

A lively peep in the warm closet showed that something beside eggs was there, and Mr. Woodman brought out the trays to show different stages of hatching, from the shell just broken, which proved the brood ready to come into the world, to the trays, forlorn little chicks unripe to stand alone, mingled with their brethren of an hour older who were plump and fluffy in the first loveliness of chickenhood, and no bird is softer and prettier than a little chicken. This communistic mode of bringing up seems to suit the chickens, for there is less danger of the weak being trampled on by the strong, maltreated by the mothers, or exposed to cold and wet.

As we passed through the kitchen to the glass houses, the maid was stirring up the chickens' bread in large, square pans. They are not fed the raw corn meal common for young broods, but yellow corn and barley meal of the best quality are mixed with eggs and milk.

"You don't use baking powder," was said in jest.

"Yes we do," Mr. Woodman said seriously. "How else could we have it light for the chickens? We make it light and use it by the 20 pounds."

It did seem funny that when hoe-cake mixed with salt and water was esteemed light matter to offer to guests at the Gen. House dinners in Louisville, chickens had to have "rich bread" for their table. The greenhouse was divided into compartments by wire netting, each holding 200 chicks and giving plenty of room for their play ground. A happier, more innocent sight could hardly be imagined than this emptiness, and when the proprietor threw a handful of finely crumbled corn-bread among them, the rush and whirr of little wings was the pleasantest velvety sound imaginable. The broods would rush and flutter at their keeper's whistle, and it seemed a pity to rear such beautiful creatures for the knife. All weakly ones, and all that are hurt by accident are picked out of the broods and immediately killed. But of this there is little possibility. Strong stone walls and cemented floor keep out the rats, the deadly foes of chickendom, no hawk can sweep upon them, no storm drench them. Steam pipes keep the heat day and night at that ardent point which chickens love, and funny little wooden trays or banks are their resting place at night, brooded by a comfortable board just above their backs, with steam pipes running on each side their cradles.

The French Houdans are the breed preferred, at Alpine Farm, for their greater fineness of bone and tender flesh, and next to them the Plymouth Rocks. The Brahmas (whom the Plymouth Rocks are said to have been made by crossing the Asiatic fowl with the English game cock) would be more profitable to raise as they yield larger weights, but are not so profitable to the consumer. When two months old, the plump young chick goes to market as a broiler, a delicacy to be ranked with ortolans and reed birds, a succulent morsel to be eaten on toast like a partridge, and melting in the mouth, finer than any wild bird. The establishment, with its facilities for hatching 20,000 chickens a month if the eggs were found, running Winter and Summer, as it is designed to be, cannot begin to supply the market, when the excellence of this kind of fowl becomes once known. Already a few customers take all the farm can raise at an average of 75 cents a pair, dressing from ¾ to 1¼ pounds apiece.

The Forcing house stands off in the woods, where the last act of the drama is played. The space is occupied by huge revolving cylinders 12 feet across by guess, and 15 feet high, look like so many enormous pine water butts, with dove cotes built in the sides in tiers as thick as they can be. These are the eppinettes, or fattening cages, in each compartment of which is room for a fowl to lie comfortably and no more. Here in season are brought the scraggy, worn-out hens from the regions round and doomed to pass their last month in entire content, with nothing to do but lie and eat. At feeding time, and meals are frequent in the eppinette, a man comes round with a car of the finest composition savory to fowls, of barley and corn meal, made into a paste, and seizing a fowl, he opens its mouth, puts a pipe down its throat and fills its crop in a moment as full as it will hold. Biddy gives a satisfied croak and in five minutes a score of hens are fed with all they can digest. One tier finished, the great cirque revolving at a touch, the man brews the little stage on which he stands up a notch higher, and feeds another row. The fowls are simply stuffed and lie in cool rather dark quarters, such as they like, as comfortable as Dr. Wier Mitchell's nervous patients in the sleeping cure. In a few weeks they become delightfully plump, finer in flesh and flesh than any capon. It is a pity this sort of a hospital could not become general, till one would need a glossary to explain the joke about boarding-house poultry.

Everything at Alpine Farm is done like clock work. The men get up at 10 o'clock at night and go the rounds, and again at 5 A. M., and regularly through the day, visiting the chicks last, by 9 at night. The heat is regulated by a thermostat, which if it increases or lowers a degree, opens the proper valve, letting the heat off or on, and at the same time rings a bell to warn the keeper. This bell is not rung for once in months, so carefully regulated is the heat.

"The secret of hatching chickens," said Mr. Woodman, "I am convinced lies in a multitude of little cares, about handling and turning the eggs, which have to be turned daily, and tending them as only an expert knows how. The Egyptians know more about it than we do, or than any people. The secret of treating the eggs in their great hatching ovens has been handed down from father to son, for hundreds of years. They will not let a foreigner witness the process. I am full of improvements and at one time, but we have the process nearer perfection than any French establishment, more accurately adjusted and working smoother."

In one thing the American plan has the advantage of the Egyptian. Travelers tell of the intolerable odor of the hatching ovens. Now if anything is remarkable at the Alpine Farm it is the absence of the slightest smell. It was the absence of all the unpleasant odors belonging even to high-class poultry houses. A common green house is not so free from objectionable smells as the airy, sunny chicken houses, where the strictest neatness is the rule, every perch and board being sprayed daily with an odorless solution of carbolic acid. Indeed, from a sanitary view, it might be a model for orphan asylums as well as poultry houses.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Mr. Chandler's Indictment—Mr. Hurd's Speech—His Extraordinary Position—His Spread-Eagle Peroration—Davis and His Job—Window on the 33 Investigators.

Correspondence Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1879.

Well, the Confederate Brigadiers have gone. Never before was there such a feeling of relief on a Congressional adjournment. For three months the chosen guardians of the country have been doing their best to starve it, to strangle it, to poison it by inflation. Mr. Chandler's 11 counts of indictment against the Democratic party for its doings at this session indicate a degree of moral depravity which may be regarded as a little remarkable even for a party just out of rebellion. They may be summarized as follows:

1. Revolutionary means to carry partisan ends. 2. An extra session to nullify laws that cannot be repealed. 3. Reviving the old doctrine of State Rights that brought on the war. 4. Striking at the business of the country to benefit mining stock by the free coinage of a fraudulent dollar. 5. Removing without cause the officers of the Senate to make room for political partizans. 6. Enstalling a political caucus in the place of the American Congress. 7. Exalting Jefferson Davis to the level of George Washington. 8. Abolishing the safeguards of freedom against the encouraged blacks and compelling them to flee from their old homes. 9. Attempting to repeal laws which exclude Rebels from our army and navy. 10. Legislating for the benefit of a section. 11. Conspiring to blot out the legislation made necessary by the war.

It is amazing that men just out of rebellion who had been admitted to the places of power by the grace of the conquerors should show such arrogance. But the old rebellion lingers in their bones and it will evidently take something more potent than "free quinine" to remove it. The virus shows itself on every occasion and even your able representative, Mr. Hurd, could not keep clear of it in his carefully prepared vindication of his party record at the close of the session. He was assigned to the task of answering Mr. Garfield and, while he did not answer him, he presented his side of the case with great clearness and force. But unfortunately he had to take the facts as they were, and hence he openly maintained the position that when laws exist that the Democratic party regard as grievances it is justifiable, in seeking for redress, to disregard the methods of the Constitution. Here are his words:

"We claim that the representatives of the people, by virtue of their power to originate appropriation bills can *secure a redress of their grievances by stopping the supplies for the support of the Government, either of the President or any other branch of the Government*, and in doing so they violate no duty enjoined upon them by the Constitution, unless our views on the subjects to which the appropriations relate are carried out."

Here is a declaration as plain as words can make it, that Congress has a right to coerce any branch of the Government into its views, if the President does not act to the majority, he may be rightfully forced into compliance, and if the Supreme Court will not make Dred Scott decisions to order, it may be treated as the Marshals have been treated. Both, according to Mr. Hurd, may be rightly coerced. He does not confine his *right* to the President alone, but says "the President or any other branch of the Government."

No plainer breach of Constitutional law than this can any where be shown. The right claimed has no limit. If bull-fighting is right at all, it is just as right under the methods of the Ku Klux, as under those of the Democratic caucus. The Constitution was framed and adopted to prevent all such outrages. It provides for an Executive, a Judiciary, and a Legislature, and defines the province of each. The legislature cannot enact or repeal a law without the consent of the Executive except in certain ways named. But Mr. Hurd proposes to set aside these methods and to force a repeal. He talks as flippantly about grievances as if he lived under a monarchy. How can a law, passed by the representatives of the people, be regarded as such a grievance as to require a resort to force? Under the constitution a majority rules, but its rule is purposely guarded by certain checks and it must patiently bide its time. All laws are perhaps grievances to a portion of the community.

> No rogue e'er felt the halter draw
> With good opinion of the law.

And when rogues are not concerned, majorities often pass laws which are regarded as grievances by the minority. The temperance men occasionally get into power and enact laws which certain classes hold to be gross outrages and which are pretty sure to get repealed, but parties who complain don't expect to get a repeal without a majority to do it, and a Governor to sign the bill.

Mr. Hurd's method is an open and shameless violation of constitutional law. He is as guilty in that regard as the men who sacked Pittsburg and set fire to the round house and locomotives. They did their work in the same interest and for the same reason—to get a redress of grievances. They both sought to obtain their end by pouching on the rights of others. If, in either case, there were grievances which were real there was a legitimate and legal way to have them redressed, but ball-dozing and burning were not legitimate. They are crimes against the majesty of the people.

I have said that it was not Mr. Hurd's fault that he had to defend untenable positions; but it was his fault that he undertook to do it in the name of liberty. It is generally thought to be mean in a pickpocket to cry "stop thief" in order to saddle his crime on somebody else; and it is equally mean to dress up gross and palpable crimes in the garb of virtue for the purpose of imposing on others. What, then is to be thought of the man who undertakes to paint these crimes against the constitution in the colors of virtue and pleads for them in the sacred name of liberty? But, just hear Mr. Hurd:

"Shall civil liberty perish upon its own threshold, by its own fireside? Shall the beacon light which has shone from our shores for the encouragement of struggling freedom everywhere flicker in its socket and go out even as they are gazing upon it? Shall the sun of free Government on this continent, ere it reaches the meridian, sink into night? Shall the shadow and the cloud of the army darken our free fields, and free rivers and free prairies, and pollute the air so that freemen cannot breathe it? The century of triumphs, just ended, protests.

Could anything be more absolutely ridiculous? It reminds one of a common strumpet making an eloquent apostrophe to womanly virtue. Because the Democratic caucus cannot repeal the election laws and repeat the scenes in Kansas, the frauds of William M. Tweed in New York, and the issue ballot swindles of South Carolina, "civil liberty is to perish on its own threshold," "the sun of free government is to sink into night," and, worse than all, our great army of 30,000 men is "to pollute the air so that [illegible] cannot breathe it." After that, [illegible] to the gallant Knight of Cervantes who fought the windmill.

The beauties of caucus legislation have had many illustrations during the three months that the Confederate Generals have been showing us how to govern the country, but one of them demands special notice. The army bill which was "perfected" in the caucus and passed without the dotting of an i or the crossing of a t, had to have a supplementary bill passed for the correction of verbal errors. These errors were pointed out while the bill was on its passage in the Senate by vigilant Republicans and the proper amendments proposed, but the Democrats would not allow of any change, and the change had to be made in a supplementary bill.

Senator Davis, of West Virginia, was brought up the other day with a round turn by Mr. Windom, and showed a degree of baseness that he had not before been suspected of. He has generally been regarded as a very honest, wrong headed partizan whose capacity was about equal to the wants of the West Virginia Democracy. He has had a sort of mania for investigation, and two years ago he followed Glover in his wild hunt for frauds and was allowed money and experts to dig up corruptions in the Treasury Department. A few days ago when he took the Democratic cue and charged that there were gross corruptions in the Treasury, Mr. Windom called for his report and pointed out that it was prized for the use of the Senate. Whereupon he was greatly excited and got the Democrats to vote down the resolution. His conduct made a very bad impression on the Senate, and, since then, a bogus claim for $15,000 has been found in the Treasury Department, which seems to be the joint work of himself and his brother. It is a claim full of false charges which the Treasury has refused to pay, and which seems to have been grossly dishonest. There are some who are mean enough to think that his crusade against the Treasury was for the purpose of bulldozing it into the payment of this groundless claim. He had a grievance, and that you know, entitled him to the privilege or right to coerce the Treasury.

The course of Sen. Windom during the last two or three days of the extra session was very disquieting, and brought out thin stump speeches from such men as Davis, Beck, and Saulsbury. Mr. Windom reminded them of the 33 investigating committees that they had ordered, and the half million of money that they had expended in printing for them, and defied them to name a single Republican that had been implicated in any official wrong by these searching investigations. Everybody remembers how Glover wrote an insulting letter to the President telling how that the departments were full of corruption and asking him to facilitate the investigations then on foot and how the President opened the door wide for his searches, but every man that Glover hooked up was a Democrat: and as he did not bring out the offenders that the party wanted he was dropped and his report could not get votes enough to print it. Mr. Windom taunted the Democracy with their failures, their blunders, their forcing of the extra session, their methods of swindling, not one of which, it must be said, was very unkind to him, at such a time. Because the Democrats now, as during the war, want to be let alone. When they stuff ballot boxes or bulldoze the President, or inaugurate revolution or start a rebellion they don't like to be interfered with. They are not very fond of the extra session business or of the honors that they have won in butting against the veto and perhaps it would also be an act of grace in your correspondent to stop off and *let them alone*.

BUCKEYE.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

The Greatest Stock Raising County in Kansas.

Correspondence Toledo Blade.

Having received letters making inquiry about our County, I wish to communicate through the columns of your paper for the benefit of any who may be desirous of changing their location for one of the best (if not *the* best) stock-raising county in Kansas. Barbour County borders on the Indian Territory, 210 miles west of the east line of the State, on the tract of land known as the Osage Indian Trust Land, subject to pre-emption by actual settlers. No County in the State is more abundantly supplied with water than Barbour. Medicine River, Elm Creek, Salt Fork, Big Mule, Little Mule, Hackberry and Driftwood are the principal streams, with numerous tributaries. Sand and gravel beds, springs and lakes, containing fish, are numerous throughout the County. No stagnant or impure water. The streams are fringed with timber, consisting of elm, cottonwood, hackberry, ash, mulberry, walnut, etc. The bottoms on the streams range from one-quarter to one mile in width, extending to rough rolling hills, and many places deep ravines exist.

Cattle winter in this County exclusively upon the native grasses, of which buffalo grass, Winter grass, salt grass and wild rye are the principals, with blue stem for Summer grazing—all combined, making this probably the safest and most economical stock-growing County in the State. The cattle wintered in this county and adjoining here on the South last Winter would approximate about 100,000 head, of which the losses were less than 2 per cent. The county would probably support three times the amount of cattle that are now here. Good locations for stock can be had from $100 to $1,000, according to improvements.

Medicine Lodge, the county seat, a thriving City of the third class, is situated at the junction of Medicine River and Elm Creek, and cannot be excelled for beauty of location, scenery and health. The place is composed of as good society as will be found in the East. Many churches have been built for the benefit of society and schools. There are three brick-yards here. The best of brick for $5 per thousand, wood $2.50 per cord, delivered. Any one desiring further information who will address me at this place I will be pleased to answer their communications.

W. W. COOK.

Medicine Lodge, Barbour Co., Kan., July 1, 1879.

'Nuff 'Sperience.

A sable widow of Brunswick, Georgia, is the victim of man's perfidy. She arrayed herself gorgeously the other day to get married but the dusky bridegroom came not. The colored population became excited and on scouring the woods found the timid young man hid up a gum tree. They made him come down and took him before the widow, who very wisely declared that she had had "'nuff 'sperience wid dat nigger," and emphasized her remarks with a broomstick.

Indian Depredations.

The fair reader shudders when she thinks of the settler's wife watching from the door of her rude hut the retreating form of her husband going out to his daily labor—going out perhaps to return not again, for before nightfall a savage band may have laid him low among the prairie grasses. Or his child, a bright-eyed daughter, is snatched away in an unguarded moment, to grace the next war dance. When we read the heartrending details of these depredations, we are apt to blame the Government for not taking more strict precautions to insure the settler's protection. But we daily read of the depredations of that arch-fiend, consumption, with scarcely a thought of the terrible inroads it is making in human life. Tens of thousands of homes are annually desolated by consumption to one Indian outrage. Like the Indian, consumption oftenest comes stealthily, and no danger is apprehended until the victim suddenly finds himself hopelessly ensnared, and death's fatal arrow ends the scene. Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery, a powerful alterative, or blood-purifier, and tonic, has restored thousands of consumptives who had tried every other remedy recommended to them, without obtaining any relief, and are willing to testify to its remedial powers.

ANDERSONVILLE.

Continued from First Page.

tain, noticing me, said, in the old, hateful, brutal, imperious tone:

"Git back in dat cah, dah."

An hour before I would have scrambled back as quickly as possible, knowing that an instant's hesitation would be followed by a bullet. Now, I looked him in the face, and said as irritatingly as possible:

"O, go to ——, you ——— Rebel. I'm going into Uncle Sam's lines with as little Rebel filth on me as possible."

He passed on without replying. His day of shooting was past.

Descending from the cars, we passed through the guards into our lines, a Rebel and a Union clerk checking off as we passed. By the time it was dark we were all under our old flag again.

The place where we came through was several miles west of Wilmington, where the railroad crossed the Brunswick River. The bridge over the river had been burned by the Rebels in their retreat. The point was held by a brigade of Schofield's army—the 23d Army Corps.

The boys lavished unstinted kindness upon us. All of the brigade off duty crowded around, offering us blankets, shirts, shoes, pantaloons and other articles of clothing and other things that we were obviously in the greatest need of. The sick were carried, by hundreds of willing hands, to a sheltered spot, and laid upon good, comfortable beds improvised with leaves and blankets. A great line of huge, generous fires was built, that every one of us could have plenty of place around them. By and by a line of wagons came over from Wilmington laden with rations, and they were dispensed to us with what seemed reckless prodigality. The lid of a box of hard tack would be knocked off, and the contents handed to us as we filed past, with absolute disregard as to quantity. If a prisoner looked wistful after receiving one handful of crackers, another was handed to him; if his long-famished eyes still lingered as if enchained by the rare display of food, the men who were issuing said:

"Here, old fellow, there's plenty of it; take just as much as you can carry in your arms."

So it was also with the pickled pork, the coffee, the sugar, etc. We had been stinted and starved so long that we could not comprehend that there was any where actually *enough* of anything. The kind-hearted boys who were acting as our hosts, began preparing the food for the sick, but the Surgeons, who had arrived in the meanwhile, were compelled to repress them, as it was plain that while it was a dangerous experiment to give any of us all we could and would eat, it would never do to give the sick such a temptation to kill themselves, and a limited amount only of food was allowed to be given those who were unable to walk.

Andrews and I hungered for coffee, the delightful fumes of which filled the air and intoxicated our senses. We procured enough to make our half-gallon bucket full and very strong. We drank so much of this that Andrews became positively drunk, and fell helplessly into some brush. I pulled him out and dragged him away to a place where we had made our rude bed.

I was dazed. I could not comprehend that the long-looked for, often-despaired of event had actually happened. I feared that it was one of those tantalizing dreams that had so often haunted my sleep, only to be followed by a wretched awakening. Then I became seized with a sudden fear lest the Rebels attempt to retake me. The line of guards around us seemed very slight. It might be forced in the night, and all of us recaptured. Shivering at this thought I arose from our bed, and taking Andrews with me, crawled two or three hundred yards into a dense undergrowth, where, in the event of our lines being forced, we would be overlooked.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEXT CENSUS.

Preparations Rapidly Being Made.

Washington Republican.

Preparations are being made as rapidly as possible for the enumeration of the inhabitants of the United States in 1880. Although the practical part of this stupendous work does not begin until next Summer, much time is required and will be consumed in systematizing things in connection with it and arranging for its completeness, as well as the efficiency and reliability of the enumeration. For example, Supt. Walker has called upon Mr. Wines, of Springfield, Ill., Secretary of the State Board of Charities, and well known in connection with prison reforms, to undertake the organization of the statistics in relation to pauperism, crime and charities. Other experts will have charge of other especial branches, and it is expected that the next census will in consequence be the most perfect compendium of popular statistics ever issued by the Government. The law under which this work is to be carried on provides that the Secretary of the Interior, on or before the 1st day of March, 1880, shall appoint one or more supervisors of census for each State, but the whole number in the States and Territories shall not exceed 150. These supervisors shall appoint the enumerators for the various Counties of the State. Any county exceeding 4,000 in population shall be divided into districts, so that no district shall contain more that 4,000 inhabitants. These enumerators shall begin their duties on the first Monday in June, 1880, thus requiring the work to be done in less than 30 days. The compensation will be two cents for each inhabitant, two cents for each death reported, 10 cents for each farm, and 15 cents for each establishment of productive industry. Application for appointment as enumerators must be addressed to the Supervisors of the State when appointed

It is Worth a Trial.

"I was troubled for many years with kidney complaint, gravel, etc.; my blood was thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about, and was an old worn out man all over, and could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am active as a man of 20. Although I am 70, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth the trial."—FATHER.

A Brilliant Scene in New Orleans.

On the 17th of June last, in the City of New Orleans, there was gathered many of the principal citizens of the Crescent City, in company with a large number of strangers from different parts of the country there, who as visitors felt interested in the witnessing of the grand extraordinary drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery by Gens. Jubal A. Early and G. T. Beauregard. The warriors went at it as squarely as ever they led a panoplied host into battle, and when the turn of the wheel scattered fortunes right and left. Space would be too great to enumerate, but the next drawing takes place on August 12th (the invariable second Tuesday), and all information will be promptly given on application to M. A. Dauphin, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La., or the same at No. 319 Broadway, New York City.

Commonwealth Distribution Company—Tenth Drawing at Louisville, Ky., July 31st.

The management desiring to make these Drawings as attractive as possible, announce a Grand Concert for the next Drawing, which takes place on July 31st. Time speeds on, and now is the time to buy tickets. Persons from all sections of the country will visit the Drawing, but the interests of those absent will be as well cared for as if they were personally present. $312,400 is a good deal of money to give away these hard times, but this amount will be certainly distributed on July 31st. Tickets are only $2, and for this amount one can draw $30,000. Address at once T. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or T. J. COMMERFORD, No. 163 Broadway, New York. See advertisement.

—The illustrated advertisement of the Aultman & Taylor Company, which has attracted so much attention in this country and Europe will appear in the Blade April 16th and 24th, May 8th and 23d, June 5th and 18th, July 3d and 10th. We ask our farmer and thresherman friends to examine it.

THAT RIDICULOUS SESSION.

A Talk With Secretary Evarts.

Revolutionary Doctrine that Can't be Tolerated—The Completest Backdown on Record—Mr. Evarts Thinks the Republicans Ought to Carry Three or Four Southern States.

New York Tribune.

Sec. Evarts was in Town yesterday, on his way to his Vermont farm, where he intends to spend a week. Over his breakfast table at the Brevoort House, while his tea and toast were getting cold, the Secretary was beguiled by his good nature into talking politics with a newspaper acquaintance. Speaking of the issue raised by the Democrats at the extra session, he said:

"If the people clearly understand that the Democrats set up the doctrine that the House of Representatives may rightfully refuse all appropriations for carrying on the Government, in case a majority of its members are not permitted to dictate legislation, there will be no question as to their verdict at the Fall elections. The doctrine is revolutionary and cannot be tolerated. I know Mr. Thurman receded from it at the close of the struggle—he oozed out as he has often done before—but you will take notice that Frank Hurd broadly reasserted it in his speech just before the session ended. He put the refusal of appropriations on the ground of the right of the House to demand a redress of grievances. What grievances? Why the laws of the United States which the Democrats are unable to repeal."

"How does the parallel hold with the action of the House of Commons in times past, which the Democrats so often make?"

"Not at all. The grievances which the Commons sought to redress were not those of law but of the arbitrary action of the King. They asserted the right of the people against the divine right of the sovereign. Here, the Executive it as much a representative of the people as Congress. He represents them for four years, the House represents them for two and the Senators for six. No antagonism between the different branches of our Government is contemplated by the Constitution; all are expected to act in harmony, because all represent the popular will. Besides, the House of Commons sought to bring the King to terms, not by refusing appropriations, but by refusing to levy taxes. The money, if not collected, would remain in the pockets of the people, and benefit them. Here, the Democrats purposed to have all the taxes collected as usual, and then prohibit the President from spending the money for carrying on the people's Government."

"What a sorry fizzle they made of it, though?"

"Was there ever anything more ridiculous? They began by saying to the President, Sign our political measures or we will withhold $46,000,000 of the appropriations for running the Government.' That does not frighten me,' replied the President: I shall go ahead and do my duty just the same.' 'Very well,' said the Democrats, 'if that's your intention we will keep back $20,000,000.' Finding the President still unmoved, they cried out, 'If you don't back down we will refuse you $10,000,000.' As this threat had no effect, they finally held back $600,000 and ran away. It was a remarkably well-developed case of the small end of the horn."

Speaking of the encouraging prospects of a Republican victory in the next Presidential election, Sec. Evarts said:

"I think we ought to carry three or four Southern States. The best classes of the Southern people are sick of Bourbon rule and of the unprofitable alliance of their leaders with the Northern Democracy. They are all the while told by their Northern allies to keep quiet, and not to show their heads above the hatches, lest they should arouse the feelings of the Northern people. Naturally they begin to ask who these Northern people are that they must be careful not to offend. They find that they are the people of intelligence, property and influence, and that they are the Republicans and not the Democrats. It cannot be long before some of these Southern men will come to the conclusion that they had better seek the friendship of the class in the North that can be of service to them and cut loose from the party of camp-followers with which they are acting. The Northern Democrats have done nothing for the South in the past, and will do nothing in the future. If that section is to get any real benefit from political action, it must come from association with the Republicans of the North."

WATTERSON-PAINTER.

The Discussion has Now Proceeded to the Retort Discourteous.

Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

WASHINGTON, July 4.

The following is the latest touching the Watterson-Painter-Conkling correspondence:

WASHINGTON, July 3, 1879.

"Henry Watterson, Ticket-of-Leave-Man, Louisville, Ky.:

"I am responsible for the following:

"A REVENGE FOR DECLINING DINNER INVITATIONS.

"Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette.

"WASHINGTON, June 25.

"The friends of Sen. Conkling say the scurrilous attack of Watterson in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* upon him is probably to retaliate upon the Senator for declining the repeated invitations to dinner which Watterson pursued the Senator with in the Winter of 1876-7, and which were steadily declined, as were all the attempts of the Democrats to interview him on political matters, or to have any private discussions whatever.'

"I see by your paper, (just received by mail that you seek to evade and fail to deny, the only charges made by me, which I repeat: That you sought Mr. Conkling's acquaintance in the winter of 1876-7, and pursued him with invitations to dinner, which were all promptly declined. From that time to the present you have pursued him in your paper with slander and vituperation, such as only the champion blackguard of the South can revel in. You have seen fit to print part of a correspondence with me and to suppress a part, and in the same paper you print a dispatch from a gentleman, which shows on the face of it that you received it in confidence, and had no right to give it publicity. From the time you were brought to the notice of the public by your antics in the rear of the Rebel army, where as a powder monkey and grinder of a smut machine, till now, your reputation has been such, that you should not be surprised that your society is not considered desirable by gentlemen.

U. H. PAINTER."

RAILROAD TELEGRAPH LINES.

One Company at Least to Begin Business Within a Few Days Under the New Law.

WASHINGTON, July 4.—Several prominent railroad companies have been waiting for the passage of the Army Appropriation bill to enter at once upon the transaction of a general telegraph business for the public. It was before held by the officers of some roads that they were authorized by the law as it stood to transmit messages for the public on the same conditions as the regularly organized Telegraph Companies, but now there is no longer any questions on this point. The clause in the Army bill relating to this subject provides that telegrams are authorized to be transmitted by railroad companies which may have telegraph lines, which shall file their written acceptance of the restrictions and obligations imposed on telegraph companies by Title 65 of the Revised Statutes." The title referred to grants to telegraph companies the right to use the public domain and materials free from the public lands, and gives to the Government priority in the transmission of messages and the right to purchase the lines at an appraised value. One railroad company at least will open its offices for public business within a few days.

"Oh, yes, I'm mad—just as mad as I can be," exclaimed a fashionable lady, tossing her head to give emphasis to her words, "to think that those horrid reporters should have had the impudence to lug me into their description of the Fitzgerald wedding. Ugh! the horrid things—and they didn't even mention the lace on my dress.—*Andrew's Bazar.*

BEYOND BELIEF.

A Remarkable Secret Unearthed in North Carolina—The Corpse of a Millionaire Claimed by Two Wives.

Special Dispatch to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., June 30.—This quiet town has been thrown into a wild state of excitement by a romantic affair which has just come to light. On March 5, a man, giving his name as G. H. Carfer, of New York, came to Hendersonville to live, and was soon married to Miss Josephine Bond, a beautiful and cultivated young lady, of this place. He had been living in Hendersonville about three months when he met her. He was a man of culture and refinement, highly educated, spoke several languages, and had traveled all over the world. He led a rather retired life at first, but his polished manners soon made him very popular. He represented himself as a master mechanic, of New York, and gave as a reason for his change of abode that his health would not stand the severe Northern climate. He died a few days ago. Here comes the strangest part of the man's eventful history. Soon after his death a brilliantly-dressed lady made her appearance in Hendersonville, and claiming that she was his only lawful wife, had the body exhumed and taken to New York. It now turns out that he had a wife in New York, and that the name Carter was fictitious. His name was William H. Whitely, a former millionaire of Brooklyn, N. Y. He was a fugitive from the State of New York, and a policy-holder in the New York Life Insurance Company for $50,000, and the builder of St. Peter's P. E. Church, of Brooklyn. He belonged to the *élite* of the Town, and his wife was one of the leaders there in fashionable circles.

CUTICURA.

Cuticura

From the Hon. William Taylor, State Senator of Massachusetts.

Messrs. WEEKS & POTTER: *Gentlemen*,—To say that I am grateful, is but a poor expression of my feelings, but it is the best word I can use, for I feel it in every sense of the word. I have been a great sufferer with skin diseases for the last twelve (12) years. My head and face being covered with sores, I could not rest with the burning heat and itching of the parts affected, and was confined to my house for weeks at a time. My disease has been called Eczema, of a most aggravated type, by many physicians, but I doubt if ever fully understood by any of them. It was more like a combination of several skin humors. I have spent much money seeking a cure, and in 1877 I went to Europe, and consulted some of the best physicians in London. I received temporary relief only, for in the Spring it would break out again as bad as ever. When I came back to Boston, I was told by many friends that Dr. ——— (whose reputation for the cure of those diseases was of the highest order) could cure me. I waited on the doctor; he prescribed for me. I followed his advice for six months, and I can safely say, without any improvement. I tried other physicians, and among them Dr. ———, of East Boston, and Dr. ——— of city proper, but all to no purpose. They did me no good; their remedies were so ineffectual that at no time did I feel that a cure would result from them.

I have swallowed five hundred arsenic pills, 365 grain, and taken bottle after bottle of internal remedies, besides all the external applications I have used, but the effect was the same. I became satisfied that I could not be cured, but might be kept from getting worse.

Now, about three months ago, Mr. Meehan, a gentleman well known to Boston people, called my attention to your Cuticura, and promised wonderful results if I would only make a trial. He told me of his own experience with it, and so persevered on me that I went with him to a drug store and bought two large boxes of Cuticura, and some Cuticura Soap, and commenced to use it according to the directions. There was so much humor lodged within the skin, that as soon as I commenced the use of Cuticura it came to the surface and festered, until vast quantities had come away, which humiliated my sufferings for about two weeks. But I did not mind this, as I felt that I was going to get rid of the humor when I saw it coming to the surface in such large quantities. After the first two or three weeks' use of this remedy, I was greatly encouraged by a gradual lessening of the inflammation of a number of painful sores. I carefully, faithfully and cheerfully followed the directions to the letter, feeling each week nearer a cure, until at the present moment, after three months' use of Cuticura, and twelve years of as constant suffering as was ever endured, I can say that I am cured, and pronounce my case the most remarkable on record. I have been so elated with my success that I have stopped men on the street who were afflicted, and told them to get Cuticura and it would cure the blood. This is why I am so grateful to you, for I believe it to be the best and greatest discovery of the age, and that it will cure all who are suffering with these diseases. I may add that I took no internal medicine but the Cuticura Resolvent.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Boston, Aug. 22, 1878.

Cuticura Remedies

Cuticura Resolvent is the most powerful Blood Purifier and Liver Stimulant ever compounded.

Cuticura is the great external

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Sound Argument.

Fannie A. A." says: "Let our husbands chew tobacco if they wish; it's a right to them just as sacred as the rights of our jewels are to us." Arguments applying with equal force to liquor-drinking, opium-eating and other pernicious habits, while virtually precluding all efforts at reformation! No man has a right to indulge in evil habits or set a bad example before his children or neighbors; and should he do so, it is the duty of the wife to labor for his reform. Men frequently expend $5 a week for cigars—a sum sufficient to support a small family, and, if profitably invested, would amount to a handsome fortune in an ordinary lifetime. Still, thousands of men indulge in it while their families go ragged and hungry! "The right to chew tobacco" is about as "sacred" as the right to drink liquor or gamble; and if wearing jewelry should produce a sallow complexion, an offensive breath, discolor the teeth and lips and cause an incessant flow of expectoration, as is the case with tobacco, few ladies, I opine, would claim the "sacred right" to wear them.

Joe Norris will not admit "tobacco kills any one; his (?) grandparents used it, living to a good old age—though according to medical science, it is a deadly poison, causing various fatal diseases which destroy many of its victims—while it is not certain that his grand parents would not have lived longer without it as others have done. If a victim abstains from it a single day, he will be enervated, sick, out of mind and temper, with a craving unappeasable appetite for tobacco—a condition utterly incompatible with good health. Yet similar arguments are constantly paraded by the victims to drink, opium and even arsenic, who delude themselves into the belief that such habits are not injurious, though myriads are annually destroyed by them.

Another writer favors the use of tobacco because furnishing employment to cigar box manufacture! So liquor selling gives employment to keepers of prisons and asylums, criminal courts, sheriffs, policemen, lawyers, doctors, coroners and hangmen! but such employment, like the manufacture of cigar-boxes, instead of aiding our working classes, adds to their burdens and is of doubtful utility. Workingmen complain of lack of employment when they might save hundreds of millions yearly which they unwisely squander for tobacco and intoxicating drinks which only tend to demoralize and destroy them! Wives should not encourage such habits, but labor to suppress them. FLORENCE G.

Greenhouse Plants From Seed.

Who loves a Garden loves a Greenhouse too.
—*Cowper's Task.*

A great many people buy plants from the florist, and when only one or two are needed for specimens, this is a good plan for it is right to encourage home industry. I find there are many of my correspondents who take delight in growing plants from seeds, and watching each day's mysterious growth from the first appearance of the tiny seed-leaves to the full grown plant in all its beauty. The seeds of greenhouse plants are not only small and delicate, but in most instances are natives of warmer climates than our own, and to be successful in growing them the greatest care must be used. I have grown the different kinds which I shall introduce into this article by the methods given below, and so successfully that any of my readers may do the same.

The conditions of growing greenhouse plants from seeds are briefly these: Let the soil be a mellow loam (which is a medium between the extremes of clay and sand) enriched with a compost of rotten manure and leaf mold. See that is free from worms and insects of all kinds. I always sift the soil before putting it into the boxes. Let your boxes be about three inches deep. Take care to have holes bored in them for drainage, and even the bottom with broken earthenware to the depth of an inch at least. Sow the seeds on the surface, and then dust a little fine earth through a sieve over them.

Many people are unsuccessful in raising plants from seed by reason of lack of judgment in watering. My plan is to put a piece of flannel over the box, and keep that saturated until the seeds germinate. After that the water should be put on in fine spray. Recently I saw a lady watering a box of heliotrope seedlings, letting the wall fall on them like big drops of rain. She did not think those great drops caused the tiny seedling to lose the slight hold it had upon mother earth, and thereby lose its life. Do not let the sun shine directly upon them, or the soil will be dried up, and your seedlings perish. It is best to cover the seedlings with a pane of glass, for you not only protect the young leaves from dust, but also preserve a damp atmosphere caused by the moisture arising from the earth.

Just here comes in the plant cultivator's bug-bear, "damping off." If you observe your plants becoming moldy and decaying near the surface of the ground, they are "damping." The remedy is, more air and less water.

Having thus given directions in a general way on the method of growing greenhouse plants from seed, I will, in subsequent letters, give more explicit directions on primroses, cyclamen, cinerana, and such others as my readers would like information about"

Hinsdale, Ill. MR. RENNIE.

No Spoiled Children in Her House.

Now, ladies, I am going to shock you. I am 18 years and six months old. I am a wife and the *mother* of two little boys. The oldest one is three years old, and the younger one is two. Many women have asked me, "How in the world do you get along with them? You always seem to have time to do fancy work, sewing, and always have your housework in order." Well, I hardly know how I *do* get along with them. Some would say, "Here, *I* have only one, and am older than you and can scarcely get through with my *housework*, besides hiring my sewing done." I will tell you the secret of it. If I *am* "a little young thing" (as I have many times been called), I know *something* about children. I never spoil my children. I give them the care that is really necessary, and nothing more, and I am sure I think as much of them as anyone does of their children. I never carry them around half of the time that I am doing my housework, as I have seen woman do. I wash and dress them, put them on the floor, and give them their play things, and they will run and play until they get hungry, and then they come and ask for a piece, and I give it to them and that is the last of them; they never hang around my feet when I am at work. If they did I never should get through. I have horrified my neighbors many times by putting my children to bed and going to Church in the evening. I always found them well and hearty when I returned; neither one of them has ever been sick a day in their lives to amount to anything.

And now I want to ask you, if it is very terrible for a married lady to go to school. I am thinking of going this Fall. I want an education very much, and I should like some advice from the ladies of the Household. I mentioned the fact to a married lady of my acquaintance, and she said, "Oh! my, go to school, and you a married woman? Why, I am taking music lessons, and my neighbors laugh at me for that, and going to school is still worse! I want to ask, is it proper in fashionable society for a gentleman to accompany a young lady to a party; 2d, What is the most fashionable color to wear with cream colored silk; 3d, How is a drawing room furnished as a general thing; 4th, What length of time is a fortnight; 5th, What has become of Rose Geranium? PRAIRIE QUEEN.

Whipping Not Necessary.

I beg leave to differ with you Mr. Brown in regard to corporal punishment. While it may be necessary in your case there are scores of teachers who do not, or could not be persuaded to resort to corporal punishment. I know a teacher of long experience, who, when he first began to teach, flogged unmercifully, and he says now if he were to teach 100 years he would not flog another pupil. We have taught six terms, and have never struck a pupil with anything larger than a lead pencil. We don't say this by way of boasting; but will say that we have had satisfactory success. Some of our objections to corporal punishment are, that the child's good deportment is brought about by the motive of fear, which is injurious to the child in many ways, and as soon as the motive it removed by the teacher being absent or otherwise, the pupil will return to his evil ways with double energy. While, if the teacher had won the good will of the pupil, or set his moral faculties in predominance by some means, this would not occur. Teachers do not study the *dispositions* of their pupils enough. It is just as necessary that a teacher should be familiar with his pupils' dispositions, *to govern successfully*, as with their names. The reason we give for this is, that a kind word or a stern, pleasant look will be sufficient to bring some pupils to order, while others would consider it fun. On the other hand a sharp, roughly spoken word will call other pupils to a sense of their duty, and would only arouse the ill-nature of one of a different disposition. This is one great argument in favor of the re-hiring of teachers. A teacher *must* know his pupils before he can labor successfully among them. But we don't think that corporal punishment is necessary. A pupil who cannot be governed without it ought to be passed over to his parents or the trustees. I for one prefer to let parents do their own "birching."

Cora Childears, you are surely an accomplished little girl, but what do you read when not reading your lessons? Be sure that you choose the right kind of reading matter, for on this, as much as anything else, depends your future character. If you take to reading novels, story papers and other trashy reading, your accomplishments will be of little service. Let us hear from you again.

Mankato, Minn. BILL.

Never Too Old to Learn.

I admire your paper very much, especially the articles in the Household; I have learned many things from it, though quite an old lady. If I could have had some of the valuable recipes contained therein, when first married, it would have saved me many fits of blues. I think with Mrs. J. C. D., that the cook stove nicely washed looks well.

If Vic will wash her hands with bran water it will add to their softness and whiteness, also cure chaps.

For soda biscuits, use a common bowl of sour cream as you commonly skim for churning, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, and soda, be sure not mix too stiff.

I am quite interested in Laura Herman and think she must be a treasure for the sickly mother. My mother used to pack eggs in salt, some dip them quickly in boiling water, just enough to toughen the thin membrane of the shell.

We were much amused by Cappie's letter, and think with her that if she has no taste for teaching, she should certainly give it up; a person with a farmer's taste should by all means be a farmer. I think it the happiest and healthiest way of living, (but about getting married, I believe I know where the man is that would just suit her—would like to correspond with her—that is if the recent tornado has not blown her away.) I was married when quite young and my greatest bother was making bread, and I tried everybody's recipe; this is my way now: first I obtain some reliable dried yeast, set it to soak, then take a pint basin of hops, steep them, strain them, add the tea to a quart of boiling water, into which I stir rye flour, let it stand a half hour to cool, if not cool enough then add cold water, till you can bear your finger in then put in the soaked yeast, and one tablespoonful of salt; when risen, thicken it stiff with Indian meal, and crumb in small pieces, dry in a cold place. When you wish to make bread, the night before take a common tin milk pan of lopperd milk, scald it, thicken it with flour, then add it to the batter—when it is cool enough—with some salt, fill your bread bowl with flour, leaving a place in the centre to turn the sponge; in the morning it will have risen nicely, then knead it stiff, perhaps you had better add a teaspoonfull of saleratus (in case it is a little sour), let it rise twice, then put in tins. If we have good flour the bread won't miss being good; also, knead in well both times, and smoothly. MERCY.

A Wall-Pocket.

I want some of you to tell me what was the matter with my coleus plants. They grew nicely (they were seedlings) until I brought them into the house, when they all died; not one lived out of 50 plants. Another failure, I cannot get begonia and heliotrope seed to grow. I can grow calceolarias from seed easily, and they are just splendid. When I come again I will tell you how to do it, if any one wants to know. I have made such a nice wall-pocket, after a description some of the sisters gave in the BLADE. It is two pieces of cardboard pinked all around and a hole punched in each. Scallop the top of the back. I cut out after the pattern of a bracket. On the front I put a chromo that I got in one of Briggs' catalogues. With sharp-pointed scissors I trimmed out the flowers (portulacas) and put them in the center of the middle. I forgot to say that I painted it an oak color with asphaltum in liquid form, and Venetian red, adding spirits of turpentine until thin enough to spread well with a brush, then tied it together with a scarlet cord made of zephyr, and two balls at each corner, and the same at the top. It is a neat ornament.

I will close with a recipe to make green apple pie with pumpkins or squash: Boil the pumpkin soft, then soak in strong vinegar over night, or for an hour or two; then sweeten and bake as you would green apple pie; and I am sure that those who live in a new country and far from fresh fruit will think it is a good substitute.

If any one wishes for a perfect cure for dropsy, I will send them one, if they will send me a return stamp with their address. MRS. M. A. SIMMONS.

Springfield, Lane Co., Oregon.

Will not Mrs. S. send the dropsy cure to the Household, and let all have it?—ED.

A Whisperless School.

I think one reason there are so many poor schools, is because so many teach (?) school who do not like to, but think that teaching is more honorable than doing housework or clerking, etc. Now, would it not be better to be a first-class servant, or "hired girl," than a third rate teacher? If one has not a liking for teaching, or, like some teachers, do not like children, I think they would succeed better in some profession more congenial.

Some one wished to have a method for preventing whispering. My method is, to impress upon my pupils' minds, the necessity of order in everything and that order and whispering are incompatible; that they cannot exist together. I have never had any difficulty about it. I also call the roll of deportment in the evening, grading from 10 down to 0—10 if perfect; taking one off for every time of communication. We have had only two or three cases of whispering in two months; frequently for three months have no whispering at all, only, of course, now and then permission to whisper about the lessons, when I consider it necessary.

I wish some of the experienced teachers would write giving, us a few suggestions about opening and closing exercises. If desired, I will sometime tell of my way of teaching little ones, and my plan of hearing lessons.

HAWKEYE SCHOOL MA'AM
Lesterville Ia.

The Parents Duty.

I saw an article in the Household entitled "the teacher's duty." Is the teacher the only one that has a duty to perform? Now I think parents have one if they will perform it. I will tell the anxious mothers how I manage with my little girl (just six years old.) When she comes home from school with clouded brow and flushed face saying "I don't like my teacher one bit." I bathe her face, brush back the tangled curls, take her to gather some flowers for grandmamma, tell her of the teacher's many, many trials and vexations and she must not mind if she is a little cross. Soon her brows clear and a smile is on her face as she wants to gather some flowers for the teacher. The next morning she is willing to go to school. At night she bounds in saying, "Mamma, I do like my teacher." You see this was very little trouble for me, and how much I saved the teacher? I close by sending a good recipe for chapped hands. Take of fresh lard one third, the bark of bitter sweet root two thirds, boil until the strength is out of the bark. Dampen your hands and apply just before going to bed.

NELLIE BLY.

Central City, Ia.

Dish-Washing Made Easy.

I must thank Shirley Dare for her reprimand to those who indulge in personal attacks. I have long felt like giving them a piece of my mind when I've read articles that, if said to your face, read articles that, if said to your face, read articles that, if said to your face,

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste-basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valu . . . o be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

T. J. F., Mill Grove, Mo.—At Washington, D.C.

F. G., Organ Station, Pa.—We have no knowledge of the parties named.

DELTA Grand Lodge, Mich: We do not believe the man you name has any biography.

J. A. ANDS, Silver View, Ind., wishes the address of Smith D., Alvano and Jane Argo.

L. T. S., Tippecanoe, Ind.: We regret to say we cannot give you the address required.

ENOS C. A. U., Rockford, Mich.: The "statement" you quote is founded entirely on imagination.

R. E. S., Maynard, Iowa: We are sorry to say we cannot send you back Nos. containing the Enochism Mystery.

CAUSE S., Marshalltown, Iowa.—We understand the party you name is reliable, and that his method is a good one.

E. L. SPARROWK, Mason City, Ill., wishes the address of Captain Malcolm Murphy, Co. A, 3d Regt., N. J. Cav. Volunteers.

F. H. OAKLEY, Cumberland Furnace, Tenn., desires the addresses of F. P. Meigs, August Snyden and Lieut. Heydel.

CHARLES BUSHNELL, Galion, Ohio, wishes to inquire for C. V. Mattman, late Surgeon Sixth Michigan Volunteer Infantry.

MRS. J. S., Clarksburg, Mo.: We regret to say that we do not handle the two books you name. We send you our new catalogue.

C. P. A., Conway, Ark.—We believe no appropriations have been made by the present Congress for the purpose you name.

SUBSCRIBER, Fremont Ridge, Kansas.—We have no more of the BLADE Story Supplements on hand, and shall not print any more.

H. J. COOK, Chesaning, Mich., asks: "Will some one please send me the address of Dr. Donohoe, of the First Michigan Engineers and Mechanics?"

D. H. O., Ridgeville, Ind.: We do not know of any such firm, and we should not send you their address if we did. It would be conspiring to produce fraud.

JAMES A. E. BRICKENRIDGE, Ills.: We are not sure that we understand what you mean. You do not refer to the translation now in preparation in England, do you?

J. J. P., Cave, Ark.: We are very sorry that we do not have the leisure to gather up such documents as you would be likely to want in making campaign speeches.

S. W. E., Latham, Ill.: As we understand the matter, the Edison phonograph is not sold, but only leased or rented. Write to Prof. T. A. Edison, Menlo Park, N. J., for information.

M. P. MCCURDY, Cedar Creek, Ind., wishes to obtain the address of Capt. Charles W. Woodruff, of Co. K, 12th Regt. Iowa Vet. Vol. Inf. His former residence was at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

W. T. W., Lomax, Ills.: The institution you name is as reliable as anything of that character ordinarily is. You must be aware that it is a risk, and you must take your own chances.

J. L. P., Lima, O., wishes to know if there is such a thing as a "mineral" or "luck" rod, and where it can be got and how much it would cost.—There is no such rod which has any real virtue.

JOHN LOWE, Johnsonville, Ills: Wishes to obtain the Postoffice address of L. H. Hembler, was First Lieutenant of Co. A, 48 Ills. Infantry. Last heard of was at Indianapolis, Indiana, (in 1864).

GEO. HUNTOON, Alldon, Ind., says: "Any one knowing the address of Capt. T. McKenney, of Co. B, Eleventh Regt. Iowa Vol. Inf., will confer a favor by sending the same to the above address.

E. E. STEARNS, Rome City, Ind., wants to know the whereabouts of Lieut. Joe P. Owens, formerly Sergeant of the 67th O. V. I.—We shall probably offer "Andersonville" in connection with the BLADE.

DR. M. M. GORDON, Spencer, Ind., late First Lieutenant of Co. E, 13th Ind. Vols., wishes to learn the whereabouts or address of Dr. Hamlet K. Kennedy, late Assistant Surgeon of the 13th Regt., Ind. Vols.

O. J. FOSTER, P. M., Coon, Whiteside Co., Ill., would be thankful for the address of the Surgeon in charge of Contraband Camp at Robb's Plantation, Alabama, during the Summer of 1863 or '64.

A. R., Manchester, Iowa.—If the sidewalk was defective and the injury received was through no carelessness, or negligence, or want of ordinary precaution, the party injured could recover damages against the city.

WM. S. DEES, Wamego, Kans., would like the address of Capt. W. B. Holbrook, Co. E, 72d Illinois Infantry; also of Lieut. Lowry, of the same company and regiment. When last heard from they were in Chicago.

L. A. FUNK, Carleton, Kans., wishes the name and address of the Surgeon or Assistant Surgeon of the 126th Ohio Vol. Inft. Either one that was with the Regiment at Camp Bradford, Md., near Baltimore, in 1863.

P. Q., Brady, Pa.: The best part of Kansas depends entirely upon what you want it for—that is, what kind of farming. We should not like to make a choice for you; better go and examine the different localities for yourself.

E. H. A., Westfield, Ind., asks: "To whom does the unsold land in Texas belong to, the United States or the State of Texas?"—To the United States. There are exceptions in the case of tracts donated or set apart for special purposes.

J. M. W., Aurelia, Ioa., asks: "Can the author of 'Andersonville,' or any other inmate of that prison, tell me anything about one John W. Akers? He was taken prisoner and sent to Andersonville, and has never been heard from since."

WILLIAM T. LAND, Elkville, Willis County, N. C., would like to learn the postoffice address of Jesse Miller, Sargeant, or Private William Jeffry and Franklin McCracken, (his messmates) of Co. B, 5th Illinois Cavalry, or Captain W. H. Brant or Lieutenant Campbell, officers of said company.

S. A. BRASS, Waterford, Va., desires information regarding the whereabouts of her brother, Rev. Joseph Fergerson. When last heard of he was in Kenton, Hardin County, Ohio, Preacher in charge of the Methodist E. Church of that place a few years ago.

A. S. B., (no address), asks: "What are the regulations to be complied with in order to secure help for a struggling school (colored), and to what parties should we apply?"—We do not now know of any organization which is furnishing pecuniary aid in such cases.

JOHN R., Newport, Pa.—We have gone over this ground so often that we dislike to renew the subject at present. Write to the Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., and he will send you circulars giving full information regarding admission.

JAMES S. V., North Madison, Ind., writes: "In answer to A. S. L., Peoria, Texas, I will say the largest locomotive in the United States is supposed to be the locomotive used on the inclined plane between Madison and North Madison, Ind., which weighs 65 tons and makes rapid time with eight heavy laden cars daily."

MRS. SAXTON, Dover, Kans., writes: "Will you ask the Union soldiers of the United States who read your paper if they ever knew the fate of Capt. Luther W. Saxton, Co. A, 54th O. V. I.? It was supposed he died in Andersonville; but we never heard of him after he was taken prisoner."

F. P. C., Tappan, O., asks: "1. How shall I address the Decorative Society of New York, that Shirley Dare writes about? 2. What is her address?"—1. You may reach them by addressing a letter care Shirley Dare, New York City. 2. The previous reply will also answer this question.

W. F. MCQUAID, Castleton, Kan., asks: "Can any of the many readers of the BLADE give me any information of the whereabouts of Christian Staley? He moved, with his mother, from Charleston County, Ia., to Reno County, Kans., in the Fall of 1874. When last heard from he was at Tiffin, Mo., in April, 1879."

L. P. C., Kibbie, Mich.: You could enlist in the regular army at Detroit, if you are a single man, physically sound and up to the standard in other respects. Inquire for the United States recruiting station there, or go to Fort Wayne, Detroit, where a regiment of United States regulars is generally stationed.

D. W. S., Auburn, Ind., writes: "I am an old reader of the BLADE, having been a subscriber the most of the time for 20 years, and like it better every year. The BLADE is like good wine—it improves with age. The Andersonville sketches are a success. Long live the writer and may he go on in his good work."

M. F. B., Clyman, Wis., sends the following problem: "A hawk is 50 feet directly above a bird, and attempts to catch the bird; both start to fly at the same time, the bird flying in a horizontal direction, and the hawk flying all the time directly for the bird; if the hawk flies six feet while the bird flies five, how far will the hawk fly before he overtakes the bird?"

A. J. M., Tobono, Mo., asks: "Will you please inform me in what paper I could find *all* of Col. R. G. Ingersoll's oration at the funeral of his brother, Hon. E. C. Ingersoll? I have only been able to read extracts from the oration in the papers received here."—It is probable that the extracts of which you speak in reality comprised the whole oration. It was very brief.

A. S., Ottawa, Kans., asks: "Have any of the applicants for arrears of pension yet received their money, and is it sent them directly from Washington, or from the pension office where they draw their pension?"—We understand that the Commissioner of Pensions has been paying arrearages for several weeks. The money is sent direct from Washington.

E. L. ELLIS, LYNX, O., writes: "A BLADE correspondent wanted to know if a postal could be used twice by pasting a once cent stamp on it. They cannot. They must not have anything pasted or attached to them in any way, except that a printed address label may be pasted upon the address side—never upon the back. They must be regarded and sent as sealed letters."—Mr. Ellis is right, according to the Official Guide.

W. N. R., no address, asks: "What is the translation of the Latin phrase, *sic semper tyrannis*, and who used it? 2. Who is the Quaker poet, and where does he live?—1. "Thus ever to tyrants". It is the motto on the State seal of Virginia, and was used by John Wilkes Booth at the time of the assassination of Lincoln. 2. John G. Whittier, who resides at Amesbury, Mass.

J. G. R., Sevier, Tenn., asks: "Was there a bill introduced into Congress changing the power of appointing 'Census Takers,' giving the Governors of the several States the authority to appoint? If so, did the said bill pass, or is it a law?—The Democrats attempted to enact a law placing the appointing power in the hands of the Governors of the different States, but it failed to pass. We give elsewhere a synopsis of the census law as it was enacted.

MARY FIERSON, Linn, Ind., asks: "Will any person knowing the whereabouts of the Surgeon of the general hospital at Dennison, Ohio during the late war and in the year 1865, please send his name and postoffice address; or if any one knows the name and postoffice address of any commissioned officer or soldiers of Co. G, 25th Regiment Indiana Volunteers, who were in the army in the year 1864 or 1865, please send the names and postoffice address to Box 92, as above."

L. H. M., Jasper, Mich., writes: "I send the following as an answer to G. H. B., Medford, Minn.: To cut the board to form a square 12 inches on a side, the board being 9x16 inches, commencing 4 inches from the corner on the side which is 16 inches long, cut in 3 inches, then cut 4 inches more parallel with the side which is 16 inches long; then cut 3 inches parallel with the end 9 inches wide; then 4 inches more parallel with the side which is 16 inches; then 3 inches more parallel with the end which is 9 inches."

G. C. H., Byron, Mich., writes: "When I was a schoolboy, nearly if not quite half a century ago, I committed to memory and 'spoke on the stage' a poem, of which I can now recollect only the first line, as follows:

'Oh, woe betide thee, Aaron Burr'

It was a fierce invective against the murderer of Hamilton. I don't recollect in what book I found the poem. If you or any of your readers can supply the remaining lines and have them published in the BLADE, I would esteem it a favor."

S. P. S., Ben Salem, N. C., asks: "1. Does the Postoffice business of the United States pay the expenses of the same? 2. Who issues marriage licenses in Cities?"—It does not now, nor has it done so for nearly 60 years. From 1750 to 1830, inclusive, the annual postal revenue of the Department was in excess of the annual expenditures. From 1830 to the present year the reverse has been the case in every year. For the fiscal year 1878, (which ended June 30th,) the revenues of the Postoffice Department were $23,277,317, while the expenditures for the same time were $34,165,081. 2. In Ohio the Probate Judge of the County."

G. F. H., Bryan, O., asks: "On what conditions can I have a money order duplicated when the original is lost?"—Section 115 of the Postoffice law provides that whenever a money order has been lost, the Postmaster General, upon the application of the remitter, may order a duplicate thereof to be issued without charge, providing the party losing the original shall furnish a certificate from the Postmaster by whom it was payable that it had not been and would not thereafter be paid, and by the Postmaster issuing it that it had not been and would not thereafter be paid.

A. YANK, Nurneyville, Va., writes: "At a reunion of Confederate soldiers held at Suffolk on the 10th of June, the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, of Norfolk, made a speech. He said the — of 1880 would be a more bloody one than the war of '64 and '65. At the close of his speech he gave this conundrum: 'Why was the Confederate army like Lazarus?' Answer: 'Because it was licked by dogs.' Hard on us Yanks, wasn't it? Can't you give us a reply to it for our reunion on the Fourth. Put it in the BLADE and I will see that they all get the benefit of it."

H. C. C., Rosetta, Ill., writes: "In answer to 'Ichabod's' problem, in last BLADE, I would say that the lines joining the centers of the four balls form the edges of an equilateral triangular pyramid, each of which is six inches in length; also, that as the lowest point of each ball is just three inches below their centers, lines joining these lowest points would form a figure of the same size and shape. We have then only to calculate the altitude of this pyramid; this I find to be the square root of 24, or 4.8989 inches, which is the hight of the lowest point of the upper ball from the floor."

MRS. R. W. H., Seward, Neb.: We may repeat what we have frequently stated, that the BLADE is sent to subscribers for cash in advance only, and when the date on the mailing sheet shows that a subscription has expired, the paper stops. Hence the BLADE never undertakes to collect from a subscriber for papers that he has previously received. If you are getting two copies of the paper and have only paid for one, the mistake is ours, not yours, and we shall not attempt to collect money of you because of our error.

E. J. H., Baltonville, Fla., asks: "1. How long is the story, 'Risen from the Grave,' to be continued? 2. Do you send the BLADE to a new address, if required as I may move from here? 3. Can any of the BLADE readers inform me of the address of Otto Voss? When last I heard of him he was at Orange City, Volusia Co., Fla. He has brothers in Pennsylvania."—1. Probably six or eight weeks. 2. We will cheerfully make any change in your address at any time, without charge. All that is necessary is for you to give both your old and your new address, when you wish the change made.

S. A. T., Glenwood Mills, Ioa., asks: "1. Why is the term 'o'clock' used to denote the time of day? 2. Who was the inventor of the watch, and when was it invented, and why is it so called?"—1. It is simply an abbreviation of the words "of the clock." When we say it is "one o'clock," we mean it is one of the clock, that is, one by the clock. 2. The watch is only a modified form of the wheeled clock, which was afterward moved by springs. The wheeled clock dates so far back that nothing definite is known regarding it, and from the time of Archimedes, 220 B. C., to that of Robert Wallingford, of St. Albans, in 1326, many ingenious men have been credited with the invention. The reason why the pocket apparatus is called a "watch" seems to require no explanation.

W. E., Theresa, N. Y., asks: "To what part of the West would you advise a man with limited means to go and procure a farm? I am a tradesman and would like to pre-empt and buy enough to make 200 acres, near some thriving town where I can work at my trade to pay for it. I am a carpenter and joiner by trade?"—There is very slight probability of your finding any government land sufficiently near a thriving town to enable you to live in one and work the other. You could doubtless obtain good railroad land which would meet your conditions, but you would be compelled to pay a good price for it. We can hardly undertake to advise you as to location. Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado all offer good locations for farmers, and your best plan is to make a visit to the West and examine for yourself.

S. W. A., Peachland, Mo., asks: "1. Was not ex-Pres. Grant's salary raised during his last term of office from $25,000 to $50,000; also, did he not receive $50,000 per annum for the first year he served? 2. Did not Congressmen raise their pay during their term of office, also vote themselves back pay? If so, was it not unconstitutional?"—1. Grant's salary was raised during his first term, but the advance did not take effect till the beginning of his second term. 2. Yes. It was not unconstitutional for them to raise their own salaries, but it was probably unconstitutional for them to vote themselves additional pay for services already rendered.

T. H. S., Newville, Pa., asks: "1. Is the Victoria Tubular Bridge at Montreal in the shape of a large tube, or why called 'Tubular Bridge'? 2. If a ball were to be dropped into a hole bored through the center of the earth, would it not come to rest the moment it would reach the center? Some say not, but that it would finally come to rest at the center. Now, I contend that, since weight is nothing more or less than the 'measure of the force of gravity,' and since gravity is the attraction which tends to draw all bodies toward the center of the earth, that when the ball would reach the center it would have no weight, and since the momentum of a body is equal to its weight multiplied by its velocity per second, expressed in feet, it could have no momentum, and consequently it must remain in a state of rest the moment it reaches the center of the earth. What is your opinion?"—1. The Victoria tubular bridge is so called because it is constructed of huge tubes of wrought iron fastened together and forming a continuous bridge two miles in length. 2. The momentum of the cannon ball would at first carry it by the center, and as the force of gravity acted upon it, in a short time the ball would stop and begin its return toward the center of the earth. This oscillation would continue for a short time, the path of the ball becoming shorter and shorter till it would finally come to rest at the center of the earth.

T. T. M., Alton Hill, Tenn., asks: "1. At what price can I get the Pocket Bible Dictionary? 2. Please give a description of the upas tree. 3. I have a geography printed in London, Eng., in the year 1800, under the old fashion print; contains above a thousand pages, with maps and chronological tables. Would any Publishing Company give me a new volume for a copyright, or what would it cost to have it reprinted and rebound? It is a book of great interest, the only one of the kind I ever saw."—We furnished the Pocket Bible Dictionary at 75c., postpaid. We are sorry to say that our supply is now exhausted, and we cannot tell you where you could obtain it. 2. The upas tree is a native of Java, and gives out a resinous and highly poisonous exudation. The tree reaches a height of 100 feet, and has a straight trunk and a hundsome rounded head. When the tree was first discovered, extraordinary stories were told about it on the authority of a surgeon in the service of the Dutch East India Company, about the beginning of the 18th century. It was asserted that the poison which exhaled from the upas tree killed all animals that approached it, that even birds flying near it fell dead; and that the tree grew in a valley which was lined with the bones of men and animals that had perished under its baleful influences. These stories were disproved as long ago as 1810, but they still return at intervals, apparently gifted with a ghostly life, and refusing to be utterly contradicted. 3. We do not exactly understand what you mean by "a new volume for a copyright." You can have your book rebound at a comparatively small cost, say $1.50 to $3, according to the style and material employed, but it would cost you a great deal more to have it "reprinted" than the book would be worth, unless some publisher should undertake to publish a fac-simile edition and look to the sale of other copies for his pay. This, however, is not at all probable.

H. C. O., Pattonsburg, Mo., asks: "Is a teacher allowed to whip scholars, that is, will the law bear him out in it, provided it is only a simple chastisement given in justice. I mean in Missouri? 2. Will you give me the names of the Governors of the several States and Territories in the Union?"—1. So far as we know there is nothing in the laws of Missouri to prevent a teacher from making a reasonable use of corporal punishment in the schools. Indeed the whole theory of the legal relation between the scholar and teacher regards the latter as standing in the place of the parent to the former, and he is entitled to exercise all the authority belonging to the parent. However, any school board, by resolution or otherwise, may forbid the employment of corporal punishment if it chooses to do so, and of course the teachers would be bound by such instruction. 2. Alabama, Rufus W. Cobb, (D.); Arkansas, W. R. Miller, (D.); California, W. Irwin, (D.); Colorado, Fred W. Pitkin, (R.); Connecticut, Chas. B. Andrews, (R.); Delaware, John W. Hall, (D.); Florida, George F. Drew, (D.); Georgia, Alfred H. Colquitt, (D.); Illinois, Shelby M. Cullom, (R.); Indiana, James D. Williams, (D.); Iowa, John H. Greer, (R.); Kansas, John P. St. John, (R.); Kentucky, J. B. McCreery, (D.); Louisiana, F. T. Nichols, (D.); Maine, Alonzo Garcelon, (D.); Maryland, John Lee Carroll, (D.); Massachusetts, Thomas Talbot, (R.); Michigan, Charles M. Crosswell, (R.); Minnesota, John S. Pillsbury, (R.); Mississippi, John M. Stone, (D.); Missouri, John S. Phelps, (D.); Nebraska, Albinus Nance, (R.); Nevada, John H. Kinkead, (R.); New Hampshire, Natt Head, (R.); New Jersey, George B. McClellan, (D.); New York, Lucius Robinson, (D.); North Carolina, Thomas J. Jarvis, (R.); Ohio, Richard M. Bishop, (D.); Oregon, W. W. Thayer, (D.); Pennsylvania, Henry M. White, (R.); Rhode Island, C. C. Van Zandt, (R.); South Carolina, W. D. Simpson, (D.); Tennessee, Albert S. Marks, (D.); Texas, Oran M. Roberts, (D.); Vermont, Redfield Proctor, (R.); Virginia, F. W. M. Halliday, (D.); West Virginia, Henry M. Matthews, (D.); Wisconsin, Wm. E. Smith, (R.). Territories: Arizona, John C. Fremont, (R.); Dakota, William A. Howard, (R.); Idaho, Mason Brayman, (R.); Montana, Benjamin F. Potts, (R.); New Mexico, Lewis Wallace, (R.); Utah, George W. Emery, (R.); Washington, Elisha P. Terry, (R.); Wyoming, John W. Hoyt, (R.).

A Backwoods Theater Story.

"Yankee" Hill, a famous actor in the first half of the present century, used to tell an amusing story (which Mr J. B. Matthews retells in his article on "The American on the Stage" in *Scribner's* for July) of the early days of the theater in this country. Hill once "showed," to use a professional phrase, in a town in the western part of New York where no theatrical performance had ever been given. He found the audience assembled, with the women seated on one side of the hall, the men on the other, exactly as they were used to sit at church; and throughout the play the most solemn silence was observed. They were attentive, but they gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter; there was not even a smile: all was solemn stillness. Hill did his utmost to break the ice; he did everything a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was no use. The audience was evidently on its best behavior, and the curtain came down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melancholy. After the play, Hill, worn out by his extra exertion, and mortified at his want of success, was passing through a public room of his hotel, when he was stopped by a tall countryman with the remark:

"Say, mister, I was into the play tonight."

"Were you?" said Hill, "you must have been greatly entertained."

"Well, I was! I tell you what it is now, my mouth was all sore a-straining to keep my face straight. And if it hadn't been for the women, I'd a-laughed right out in meetin'."

The Sunday School.

Christian Love.

LESSON 3. SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 Cor. 13: 13.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Cor 13: 1-13.

1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. 2. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing. 3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. 4. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. 5. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; 6. Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; 7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. 8. Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away. 9. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. 10. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. 11. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things. 12. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. 13. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass (v. 1.)—One of the commonest counsels to a young convert is to "speak in meeting." Witnessing for Christ is by many considered synonymous with talking or praying in the social gatherings of the church. And it is true that he who is full of love for the Savior will be pretty sure to say something about it; for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." But it is a great deal more important to have the love than to talk about it; to be possessed of a full heart than of a glib tongue. And at the best, the tongue is serviceable only when it testifies out of the heart. It is possible to talk in meeting often and attractively without being a loving follower of Jesus. The ordinary hearer may be deceived on this point. God will not be. He knows whether the one of a silver tongue has a brazen heart. He knows, too, the love of some whose lips give no sound in public; but whose lives testify for him with unfailing power.

Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains (v. 2.)—Having faith is less important than using faith. Using faith is less important than using it rightly. Suppose you could remove mountains, what do you want to remove them for? The mountains may be just where they belong. There are ministers who are so desirous of removing distant mountains of iniquity that they neglect their pulpit work and parish work while they are off furthering great reforms elsewhere. Their faith is greater than their love. God would see to the mountains if they would see to the work to which he has set them. They are laymen who are always ready to show their faith by attending a Convention or a tabernacle meeting, who are not so ready to show their love in the household. The truer measure of a disciple's Christ-likeness is to be found in what his wife or sister thinks of his loving spirit at home, rather than in what they could say of his strong faith in behalf of God's work abroad.

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor (v. 3.)—Giving even a pittance to the poor is commonly called "charity," yet a man may give all his property to the poor without a spark of charity. There is no such thing as charity except from the heart. Only that giving which is in love, and from love, is charitable giving. If a man gives to keep up his reputation, that is not charity. If he gives to make himself a good name, that is not charity. If he gives because he cannot refuse the one who asks him, that is not charity. If he gives because he thinks it meritorious to give, that is not charity. Charitable giving is giving in love, giving gladly as unto Him who loved us and gave himself for us. If there were more charity there would be more giving. But if there were no giving except from charity, how the proceeds of our churches and of all the beneficent organizations and agencies in the community would be cut down.

Charity suffereth long and is kind (v. 4.)—There is a great deal of short-lived kindness in the world. It is easy to appear kind, and be kind in our ordinary intercourse with those of whom we see but little. But if there is to be other party, especially on the eve of an election. And there are Christians who seem to take satisfaction in hearing of the moral downfall of some member of a family group who have "held their heads altogether too high, when they were really no better than other folks." But here is where the lack of Christian charity appears.

Charity never faileth (v. 8.)—The one of a loving heart can always find something to say for the object of his or her love. The true mother will be sure that her wayward boy is better than he seems. The true wife will cover with forgetfulness the failures and misdoings of her dissipated husband, but will have ever fresh in mind his better moods and his more praiseworthy course. The true friend will remain true through all misunderstandings and discouragements. Charity is Christian love. Christian love includes in its sympathy and affection all whom Christ loves. It will have something to say for the most unlovely. It will see good where Christ would see it; and it will speak of that, or not speak at all. Charity never faileth."

When I became a man I put away childish things (v. 11.)—There is where you are better than most men. Who of us can say as much for himself? Who of us shows no childishness in his petulancies, in his sulking discontents, in his worrying over the little troubles, in his reaching out after the unattainable, in his foolish fears, in his trifling away time, in his being pleased with trifles? Who of us is always manly and only manly in thought and speech and action? Who of us has no more concern for childish things? He who is all this is so far like the apostle Paul.

Now we see through a glass darkly (v. 12.—There is hardly anything absolutely clear to us in this world. We do not wholly understand ourselves. We often wonder if there is any consistency possible to the tangled mass of contradictions which our dispositions present for study. We certainly do not see our future with distinctness. We stand bewildered before questions of present duty, our minds swinging like a pendulum between one view and the other of right and prudence. Even the past is blurred and confused as we view it. We hardly know what we said and did, or why our course was just as it was, in a trying emergency. Wouldn't it have been better for us to have kept silence then? Oughtn't we to have gone willingly instead of refusing to go? Oh, if we only knew what would have been best, we could judge better of our wiser course for the future. And if we can not know ourselves fully, how liable we are to misunderstand others. We fail to perceive all their sensitiveness, all their weaknesses, all their struggles of mind, and to judge their course accordingly. Sometimes we misread others to their advantage, but more commonly to their disadvantage. If we could see how the case looks to them, we should judge them very differently. We should even admire where now we censure. It is in the light of truth that Christian charity "thinketh no evil," but "believeth all things," good, while dimness of vision forbids the knowing except in part. While we can know but so imperfectly ourselves and our fellows, how is it possible for us to see God clearly, and to rightly understand all his dealings with us, and his plans in our behalf. Whatever trouble we have in seeing good in all things which he directs concerning us, is surely in our poor eyesight, not in any flaw and incompleteness in his plans. This will all be plain in the day of final revealing: "for now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

The Detroit *Free Press* says Chinamen who marry in this country prefer girls with large ears and black eyes.

Weston will lecture. There is no use in concealing this any longer. The country might as well know the worst.—*Boston Globe.*

Devil's Lake, Wisconsin, is a favorite Summer resort. The lake is a pond, and the devil is raised by the boys.—*Detroit Free Press.*

He caroled: "Now, my dear,
Will you have a glass of beer?"
And she answered: "I would sooner,
If you please, George, have a schooner."

When a young man goes to have his moustache colored it is very humiliating to have the barber ask if he brought it with him.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Tinmen always choose the middle of the hottest sunshine day as a time for carrying a load of bright new tin buckets through the streets.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The principal difference between Gray's L. E. G. and Weston's Leg is that the young man in the former case rested his head, and in the latter, his foot, on the lap of earth.

"I had no time to stuff the chicken," apologized a landlady to her boarders. "Never mind, madam, it's tough enough as it is," replied one of them.—*New York Telegram.*

A Sunday-school boy of Maysville, Ky., was asked by the Superintendent if his father was a Christian. "Yes, sir," he replied, "but he is not working at it much."

When a New Jersey mosquito enters a man's sleeping-room his first impression is that there is a brass band under his window, and that he is called on for a speech.—*Uncle Sam.*

"Well, how is poor So-and-so?" said some one to So-and-so's friend, a broker. "So-and-so? Why, he's dead; died last night." "Last night?" "Last night." "At what hour?" "10%."

Short dresses are now all the rage in Paris. This is glorious news to the American women who have grown left-handed in the lack from stooping over to pick up their trails.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Bucolic Parent—I ain't got no objection to Maria Jane's sparkin' all the evenin', so long's the gate is her young man can stand it; but I don't mean to let them hinges keep me awake, if ile kin help 'em. (Pouring in oil.)—*Punch.*

A lost, strayed or stolen good 'un reads: Grandma—"Yes, children, when I was young as you are, I used to walk in my sleep." Tommy [eagerly]—"Say, grandma, what time did you make?"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

Now that it is nearly all over with, a scientific Eastern man comes out and shows that the extreme cold of the present Spring is due to perihelion being in apogee. And we have been attributing it all the time to the weather.—*Peck's Sun.*

A little girl was once asked: "Little girl, how do you get into bed so quickly?" She replied, "I get all undressed, and then I put out the light, and then I cry, 'Rats! rats!' and that frightens me so that I jump right into the bed as quick as a wink."

The Detroit *Free Press* says, "you can lead a horse up to a circus lemonade, but you can't make him drink." But as water is his favorite beverage, we should think he would show no hesitancy in drinking circus lemonade, if he were dry.—*Norristown Herald.*

When a young class orator arose to speak it was remarked that "there were fifty pairs of beautiful eyes riveted upon his countenance." In that supreme moment he should have had his picture taken, before the rivets unloosed and the eyes dropped.—*Picayune.*

The beauty of Summer in the temperate zone is the amount of physical exercise a man can take. He lies awake and fights mosquitos all night, and writhes with the flies and prickly heat all day. They must miss these things in the tropics.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Jean Baptiste announces to his mistress that he is about to leave her service. "Well, if you had any intention of leaving your place you might at least have given me warning," says the lady? "How could I?" says the servant in an injured tone; "I only got the new place this morning."—*French Wit.*

An anxious correspondent writes to inquire "which is the butt end of a goat?" In view of the disastrous experience of debating societies throughout the land we shall decline to answer, as a discussion on the subject can butt end to produce discord.—*Boston Post.*

People often complain of hard times from a more natural tendency to growl, but a Georgia darky the other day said, "Nebber seed sich times since I been born. Work all day and steal all night, and blessed if I can hardly make a livin'."—*Philadelphia Sunday Item.*

The English have captured one of the most bloodthirsty of the Zulu chiefs. When paraded before the English commander, and asked how many of his comrades had fallen in the late engagement, he replied, "Divil a wan—bad cess to ye." The chief's name is McCarthy, and he formerly belonged to a tribe called the Fenians.—*Peck's Sun.*

Some fellows may follow the fickle goddess of Fortune for a whole lifetime and never get near enough to kiss the hem of her garment, while flat-footed tuck pursues others with a club and knocks the gilded balls of wealth straight into their hands at every clip.—*Rome Sentinel.*

"Sambo, Parson Jonsing says dere's nuffin borned 'ceptin' for a good pu'pose; now how kim dat yar tater bug in de worl'?" "G'long Clem, how yo' 'spects I knows? I ain't 'quainted wid de family." "Jesso, Sambo, but den you'n unquainted wid de Lor', too, an' yet you's mighty liberal ob info'mation 'im in yo' pra'rs."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A gentleman being threatened with an infectious fever, said to his little son, who in an affectionate mood wished to embrace him, "You must n't hug me; you'll catch the fever." Willie, standing back, looked in amazement upon his papa, I who, by the way, is a pattern of propriety, and quickly asked, "Why, papa, who did you hug?"—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

A little girl was once asked: "What is the sacrament of marriage?" The poor child, who had learned her lessons by rote, got a little mixed, and gave the answer to another question, as follows: "It is a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare for another and better world." The priest who had observed, but not experienced, simply replied with a sigh: "For aught I know, you may be perfectly right," and went on with the examination.

Minnie C. Ballard, in tender lyric just published, inquiries of whom it may concern:

Would you love me as well, true heart,
Had I face less fair?

We dislike to say unpleasant things, Minnie, but the chances are that he wouldn't. Plain words are best, and so sometimes are women, but we repeat that the chances are that he wouldn't.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

A plucky editor in the center of Ohio does what he can to meet his financial and political obligations, and at the same time to cultivate the domestic virtues. In a letter to a Cincinnati house, which has been so injudicious and unfeeling as to dun him, he writes: "Dear Sirs: Find inclosed —— dollars on account. I have been too busy to collect enough money to pay you in full. My wife has had a baby. This does not happen very often. Moreover, I'm editing a Democratic paper up street and a Republican paper down street. This won't last very long. I hope to be able to catch my breath within he next four weeks. Yours, in haste, ——."

THINK OF THEM.

Wonders of the American Continent.
Coal Trade Journal.

The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river three-fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two volumes to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, where any one can take a voyage on a subterranean river and catch fish without eyes. The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long. The largest valley of the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 5,000,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The greatest City Park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains 2,700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The longest railroad at present is the Pacific Railroad, over 3,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Pilot Knob of Missouri. It is 250 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for orphans, Philadelphia. The greatest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, New York. Its length is 40½ miles, and its cost $12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually and appear to be inexhaustible.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

For artistic pen and ink work and family marking, nothing is equal to Payson's Indelible Ink with a common pen, without a preparation.

MRS. Scott Siddons finds "Champlin's Liquid Pearl" superior to any cosmetic she has ever used. CHAMPLIN & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

PRESCRIPTION FREE

For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, and all disorders brought on by indiscretion, or excess. Any druggist has the ingredients. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

BREAD

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubrs.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1879.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

Terms--Postage Paid:

Single copy, per year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of ten and over, $1.65 each, and an extra copy to the getter up of a Club of ten or more.

ON TRIAL.—Five copies, three months, $2.50, and an extra copy, three months, with the Club.

SPECIMEN COPIES.—Sent free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the addresses of a dozen or so of your friends at as many different Postoffices, to whom we will send copies free and postage paid. Send for our Special Circular to Agents. Address,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Circulation this week, 82,060

It is an old saying variously applied, that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. To a certain extent the proverb applies to newspapers, which are frequently much better known and more influential abroad than at home. The Toledo Blade is widely known among the business men of all the larger cities of the Union as one of the best and most effective advertising mediums in the United States. But its character in this regard is also known and fully appreciated among the general advertisers of the City where it is published, and never more fully than now. Toledo has comparatively few general advertisers, but at least three-*fourths of* these have been or are now patrons of the advertising columns of the Weekly Blade. The reason for this is not difficult to explain. These men are where we have been able, *by actual demonstration*, to convince them of the truth of our statements regarding the nature and extent of the circulation of the Blade, and their contracts for space have shown the results of their investigations. There are hundreds of leading advertisers who already know the Blade, but are not so situated as to be able to avail themselves of these proofs. To such we submit the course of Toledo advertisers as the best possible illustration of the adage that "seeing is believing."

Sen. Thurman goes to Nova Scotia, where the noses match color with his political prospects.

An ungracious correspondent says that Roman Women are the most ungraceful walkers in the world.

The New York Greenbackers convene at Utica, August 26. Perhaps Carey & Sherwood might sell them out, too.

The Sunny South will prosper more by the erection of one good cotton mill than by agitating the States' Rights until the millenium.

On the Fourth Tom Thumb was upset from a yacht near Middleboro, Mass., but saved his life by laying hold of a floating pea-nut shell.

The Methodists have done good work in the Fejee Islands. Their churches are attended by 102,00 out of the 120,000 natives there.

The Democratic Baltimore *Gazette* speaks savagely of "the brutal treatment of Sen. Bayard at the hands of the silver inflationists and financial quacks in Congress,

Buffalo *Express*: "Let us be charitable," says a fair-minded Virginia writer. "After all, the men who fought for the Union may have thought they were doing right."

They are trying to put Ben Butler's nephew, Geo. H., husband of Rose Eytnge, in the Lunatic Asylum. Too much Butler, coupled with bad whisky, would ruin any man.

The Chicago *Times* says that the most sensible way for the Bourbons to get out of their misery at Washington is for Thurman to "disband his steering committee and let every fellow find his way out as best he can."

Sen. Thurman has gone to the Canadian sea shore to recuperate body and mind from the wear and tear suffered during the happiest days of his life, as he has termed the period spent as President *pro tem.* of the Upper House of the Southern Confederacy. Unless his feelings toward Ewing change vastly, he will probably not recover his health in time to take part in the campaign.

The New York *Tribune* thinks the story of an alliance between Ewing and Tilden is absurd. It says, among other things:

For Tilden to enter into a combination with so hopeless a candidate, therefore, would be simply stupid, and he never does stupid things with his money. If he keeps his hands off and allows Ewing to be beaten, he will have it all his own way in 1880, for Congress has failed to make any new issue, and with such money out of the way, there will be nothing for the party to do but to harmonize upon "Frank" and the man who it presents it

According to late estimates, Great Britain is not the wealthiest country on earth, as has been believed. France values her private property, real and personal, at $43,110,000,000, and her navy, palaces, public buildings, and other public property, excepting highways, at $1,475,000,000, making $44,585,000,000. The aggregate estimate for England, Scotland and Ireland, without reckoning public highways, is $42,500,000,000. Real estate in France greatly exceeds in area that of England, while in the latter there is a great excess of personal property over the former.

One of the exhibitions of partizan malice which the Democracy propose to make, will not be wholly unacceptable to the country. The new Secretary of the Senate, "Col." Burch, will refuse to pay Sen. Sharon his salary until he gets a decision whether a Senator who willfully absents himself from his place, not being sick nor having the consent of the House to his absence, is entitled to any pay for the time he remains away. While there is no doubt that had Mr. Sharon been a Democrat, "Col." Burch would not have had any such official qualms, it is quite as well that the point is raised, and Sen. Sharon made to feel in some way how the public regard his inexcusable contempt for the usual considerations of Senatorial duty.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The adjournment of Congress, as noted last week, has left the country in a state of comparative political quietude. The course pursued by the Administration has confirmed the report that the President would make no further effort to induce a recreant opposition to perform its duty, but would allow Congress to go its way after having given it the warning contained in the special message sent in on the eve of adjournment. It now seems probable that the efforts of the Democrats to impede the enforcement of the laws will be impotent and futile. In his instructions to United States Marshals, as contained in a letter to the United States Marshal at Detroit, Att'y Gen. Devens takes the ground that although no appropriations for Marshals or their Deputies were made by Congress, the fact that the existing law contemplates that such duties should be compensated by fees, constitutes a good ground of an obligation against the United States. He advises such officers to perform the duties of their office to the extent of their power, which they are in no way forbidden to do. Inasmuch as the failure of Congress to provide for the pay of Marshals and their deputies cannot invalidate their acts nor impair their legality, they will doubtless continue to perform their duties as usual, leaving the matter of payment to be settled hereafter.

The public debt statement for the month of June shows a nominal increase in the debt of about $25,000. The sum total of the debt includes $104,072,000 of called bonds not matured for which four per cent. bonds have been issued, and hence this amount (which has been one of the features contributing to the apparent increase of our liabilities,) should be deducted from the total debt. The attention of those who declare that there has been no improvement of our financial condition during the past 12 months, is especially directed to the statement that the reduction of the debt for the fiscal year just closed was $8,579,575. In this same connection it may be stated that the collections of internal revenue during the past fiscal year, notwithstanding the reduction of the tax on tobacco, have been $3,000,000 in excess of the year preceding.

Prof. Francis A. Walker, of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, who is his own successor as Superintendent of the Tenth Census is engaged in active preparation for the coming work of next Summer. He has just issued a circular to the members of Congress, asking for advice regarding the districting of their respective States for census purposes. According to the plan proposed, the country is to be cut up into one hundred and fifty districts, for each one of which a Supervisor will be appointed. These Supervisors will take charge of the enumeration, each in his own district, and in their hands will virtually be placed the duty of selecting the necessary assistants or enumerators.

The annual recurrence of "Independence Day" was generally celebrated on Friday last. The day was specially observed at New York, Chicago and St. Louis, and at the first named City there was a general suspension of many branches of business over Saturday till the following Monday. In both St. Louis and Chicago there were extended parades by the eight-hour labor league, and although the turnout was large, everything passed off without violence or disorder. The day throughout the country was remarkably free from conflagrations or other serious accidents

The Democrats of Maine held their State Convention at Bangor on the 1st inst and renominated Gov. Garcelon the present incumbent, by acclamation. The platform adopted raises a howl about "withdrawing the control of elections from electors," and the arbitrary power of arrest in the hands of "individual minions," endorses the efforts of the Democratic Congress to secure the repeal of the election laws, accuses the Republican leaders of keeping alive sectional issues and hatreds, and winds up by declaring in favor of a currency of gold, silver and paper, the latter to be kept at par with coin, and of the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

A case has been made at Cincinnati on the legality of the United States Supervision law. On July 1st, Judge Swing, of the United States District Court sentenced a member of the City Council named Clark to one years' imprisonment and $50 fine for neglect of duty as Judge of Elections at Cincinnati last fall, the election being held under the law referred to. A writ of *habeas corpus* has been sued out and the case will be carried to the United States Supreme Court for the purpose of testing the constitutionality of the law, the execution of the sentence having been suspended for 30 days for that purpose.

St. Paul advices report another heavy storm of rain and hail on the 6th inst., which extended over a considerable part of the State, and damaged the grain in adjoining territories. The wheat, especially, was badly affected, and 5,00 acres of grain were destroyed.

The review of the crops from the London *Mark Lane Express* speaks very discouragingly of the English and French crop prospects. In Germany, however, reports from the harvest are very flattering.

OUR NEW BOOK CATALOGUE.

The new Blade book catalogue, just issued, is a handsome 32 page pamphlet, with the different titles classified by subjects which are alphabetically arranged. It contains titles of a great variety of books on all subjects, with descriptions of each book very much fuller and more satisfactory than can be found in ordinary catalogues. In connection with each title we give the publisher's regular price, and our price for the book alone, and also the price at which we will send the book and the Blade one year, both postpaid. In a great many cases during the last few weeks we have been obliged to send copies of our old catalogue, by no means so extensive as this, and we would now be glad to have all persons who received the old catalogue send us their names again for a copy of the new Persons who have not received any catalogue are invited to send for a copy of the new one, which will give them a complete list of all the Blade books. We shall also be glad to send, on request, copies of the catalogue to any friends of our subscribers who are likely to be interested in good reading.

"ANDERSONVILLE."

The Story to be Published in Book Form in the Best Style, and With Abundance of Illustrations.

The unprecedented success with which "Andersonville" has met—a success greater it is believed than has rewarded the publication of any serial since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in the *National Era*—has induced the decision to reproduce the story in book form. Thousands of letters—received from all parts of the United States—from those who, having read the latter part of the story, were unable to supply themselves with the earlier numbers—and from those who were anxious that so important a contribution to history should be preserved in permanent form—contributed to this decision.

The work is now fairly begun, and it is hoped that the book will be ready for delivery about the first of October. It is intended to make a volume that will be in every way creditable to the subject, and to American bibliography. It will contain upwards of 600 pages, printed on fine white paper, profusely illustrated, and bound with substantial elegance. The type will be new small pica, specially procured for the work. No expense or trouble is being spared to make the illustrations surpass those of any book on the war ever issued. There will be between 200 and 300 of these in the book, and every one will have a fidelity in detail not usually met with in any class of books, and very rare in works relating to the Rebellion. A number of Rebel photographs, procured at considerable expense, furnish the groundwork for many of these pictures, and sketches by prisoners for others. All are prepared under the careful supervision of the author.

The book will be sold entirely by subscription, and live agents are wanted in every Township in the United States. Already several hundred applications have been received and placed on file in the order of their reception. It has been impossible to answer these as received, because until now, the arrangements for publication had not been sufficiently advanced to admit of a definite answer. As most, if not all, of those who have written on the subject have been subscribers to the Blade, they will please accept this as a response to their communications, until they are answered directly by mail. To those who apply for territory the following recommendations are made:

1. Do not apply for more than one Township, nor for that unless it is intended to work it with thoroughness and energy. The book is undoubtedly going to have a large sale, everywhere, but its publisher does not want any territory skimmed over and half worked. A thorough-going man or woman will find it most profitable to go over every foot of ground carefully, leaving no portion half worked, in haste to reach some more inviting field. Like picking huckleberries, one fills his bucket soonest by stripping bare the bushes nearest at hand, regardless of the temptations of distant clumps. There is an abundance of good territory in the United States, and to him who is faithful in little things much will be given. One Township well worked will be the best possible recommendation for an augmentation of territory.

2. In writing for territory, specify first the territory most desired. Next the second choice; and then the third choice. In this way the securing of some desirable Township will be made pretty certain, since it is not likely that precedent applications will be in for all three.

The prospectuses and other articles for the agent's outfit will be ready in three or four weeks, so that by the time the territory is parceled out canvassing can begin with vigor. Address all communications to

D. R. Locke,
Publisher, Toledo, O.

Please write "Andersonville" on all letters pertaining to the sale of the book.

THE ONLY ACHIEVEMENT.

No City Council or State Government would dare commit the folly of leaving their respective charges wholly unprotected by Police, Constables or Sheriffs. Yet this is precisely what the Congress of the United States has done. As far as it could it has put a stop to all the operations of justice, by leaving the Courts all over the land without means by which their decrees and processes can be carried into execution. The magistrates of the District Courts, the higher dignitaries of the Circuit Courts, even the venerable Justices of the Supreme Court may sit on their benches, and dispense justice to all who seek it, but unless there is some one to enforce these dispensations, some one to represent the power behind these tribunals, and show the sword of the law grasped by a strong right hand, their acts will be a meaningless mummery. The whole body of United States statutes will be invalidated, because there is no one to make them a practical reality. The Rebel Brigadiers have secured nullification by making the laws inoperative. Practically, States Rightsism need go no further than this. With no one to execute the laws of the General Government, the laws will not be executed. That is all. The Civil Rights law, the laws for the collection of internal revenue, those to punish crimes against the currency, the mails and the ballot box, will all be dead statutes until their enforcers are re-empowered. This protection of the greatest criminals in our midst is the only achievement of the Extra Session, which started out to do so much.

The Curator of the St. Petersburg Scholastic District has issued a circular to the principals of the different schools, regulating the dress and behavior of their pupils. The latter are enjoined to remove their kepis before the Emperor, any member of the Imperial family, the Minister of Public Instruction, Governors-General, priests, and other persons in authority. The scholars are further forbidden to use tobacco or to go to masquerades, clubs, cafes, or public gardens. Each is also required to show a ticket establishing his identity when called upon to do so.

Though, during the Extra Session the time did not seem fit to the Silver Idiots to take Sen. Bayard's scalp, they do not propose to bury the hatchet, as far as he is concerned, by any means. Their propram for the Regular Session embraces the addition of two of their number to the Finance Committee, which will leave the Honest Money members in such a minority, that it is felt Sen. Bayard will indignantly retire from the Committee. A Democrat who attempts to be governed by principle, has a very hard row to hoe.

THE REBELS' DECOYS.

The efforts of Messrs. Ewing and Rice to make amends to the Rebel Brigadiers for the great sin of having fought against them have been untiring and consistent. Both have been always at the bid, beck and call of the Southern leaders, and ready to do for them any work which it was considered impolitic for a man from the South to be prominent in. The convenience of such lackies can not be over-estimated. With the estimation in which their services are held by loyal people to serve in disarming suspicion, they could do things which it were utterly impossible for those not having such a serviceable disguise to accomplish. For instance, what a convulsion of apprehension would have thrilled the Nation at the introduction, by a Rebel member of Congress, of a bill to place Rebel soldiers on the pension roll on the same footing with those of the Union Army. Imagine the excitement that would follow the development of the settled purpose of the Solid South to double our National debt by adding to it the expenses incurred by those who fought against the Union. Such a storm would be raised as the Democratic party could not resist.

But when a man who has lost a leg in the Union Army takes up a measure prepared and introduced by a Republican member, and slily inserts a provision that sweeps away all distinction between Rebel and Union soldiers in the matter of pensions, suspicion is lulled to sleep, and the bill is only defeated by an accidental discovery of the terrible addition covertly made to it. This is the greatest and most essential service so far rendered by Gen. Rice to the Southern Brigadiers, or it would have been great and essential had it been successful. It was of the same nature as employing a deserter to slip back into the lines he has just left and spike the guns of his former comrades. If the Brigadiers reward Gen. Rice in proportion to what the service has cost him, they will have to bankrupt themselves, for he has forfeited the esteem of his former comrades and his reputation for patriotism and integrity. No soldier—no civilian—whose heart was in the right place during the Rebellion, could contemplate such an enormity as adding to the burdens under which the people groan an incalculable sum to be paid as the reward for those whose misconduct caused all this expense and trouble. If Gen. Rice ever had any clear perception of the difference between loyalty and treason—between patriotism and its reverse, between right and wrong, then he had lost it all when he brought himself to introduce such a bill. If he went into the army to secure the success of what he believed to be right, then he must have believed those opposed to him to be in the wrong. If he did not think them in the wrong, then every shot fired by his orders made him guilty of assassination. If he thought the men opposed to him were right, then he was guilty of murder, for every one of them shot down in front of his regimental line. If wrong then they are no more entitled to payment for wounds received, or disease incurred while committing these wrongful acts than the burglar who is disabled by a shot in the act of crawling into a house, or who has contracted a rheumatism in watching a "plant," has to the pension of a Policeman. That any Union soldier is capable of actually attempting to secure such a thing, exposes his motives in entering the Army to the gravest suspicion. The most charitable thing that can be said of him is reflection on his mental incapacity to distinguish right from wrong.

Gen. Ewing has not gone as far in this subserviency to the Rebels as Gen. Rice, only because he has not introduced any bill to pension ex-Rebels. But he has stood side by side with Rice in everything else. The two have recorded their votes in favor of every measure suggested and pressed by the Rebel leaders. In not a single instance have they uttered a sentence of disapproval of the most incendiary propositions; not a patriotic syllable has escaped from their lips at any of the trying crises of which the last three years have been so full. When it came to the displacement of Union soldiers, and filling their places with Rebels, Ewing and Rice were apparently much more eager than their Confederate masters. In one notable instance Ewing's name leads Blackburn's in a petition to secure the removal of a one-armed Union soldier, that his place may be had for a Rebel General.

It is certainly humiliating to all who wore the blue to see two men who have worn the stars of a General thus grovel at the feet of the enemies of their country. But, as ever, the higher the apostate, the baser the apostacy.

ATLANTA ENTERPRISE.

It is pleasant to be able to chronicle any movement in the South showing an improvement in its business interests or any progress towards a future of energy and enterprise. Since the war a sullen sort of apathy has seemed to settle all over the Southern States. Discouraging immigration from the North of those who would have started the quick flow of life blood through its business veins, the people have seemed determined to go from bad to worse, and make no effort to retrieve their misfortunes,—misfortunes brought upon them by their own ill doing. With the advantages of a pleasant climate and fruitful soil, they have let the years slip by unimproved in a material way, while grumbling at the North, and fighting to prevent the negros from exercising their newly acquired right of suffrage free and untrammeled.

A few places have, however, appeared to awake to the importance of enterprise and activity. Among them is Atlanta, whose business men are now working with a will to establish a line of steamers by which the State of Georgia can be directly connected with the great cotton markets of the world. The production of this staple is increasing, and will, doubtless, continue to do so. The belt of land across the Southern part of the United States in which Georgia is included, can, and probably will be the greatest cotton producing country upon the globe, and a line of vessels devoted to the transportation of its crops would be profitable and even necessary.

Port Royal has been decided upon as the harbor of entrance and leaving, than which there is not a finer upon the whole Atlantic coast, unless it be Norfolk. Everybody must wish for the success of this Atlanta undertaking.

Pension Commissioner Bentley announces that sections 4,771, 4,772 and 4,773, of the Revised Statutes of the United States, providing for biennial examinations of pensioners, are repealed.

TEXAS, AS IT IS.

E. V. Smalley, writing to the New York *Tribune*, gives some interesting facts in regard to Texas, which explode some of the ideas that have been generally entertained in regard to that State. Enthusiasts, reasoning from the population upon certain areas in other parts of the world, have declared that the day would come when 30,000,000 of people would call this Texas their home. This writer comes to the conclusion, after travelling through its length and breadth, examining its producing capabilities, and its means of sustaining life, that while its area is five times that of Illinois, it has no more excellent agricultural land than that State. He says:

The whole of Eastern Texas, embracing a territory larger than Ohio, consists of pine barrens, with a little arable land along the valleys of the streams. Out of the valleys the soil is sandy and would not pay to clear and cultivate. This region will never be thickly settled. It now supports a scanty population of lumbermen and very poor farmers, who cultivate little patches along the creek bottoms. The larger streams are bordered by narrow tracts of good soil where there are some large cotton plantations. This part of the State is not a new country, and except on the opening of the lumber industry by the building of railroads, it has had no growth in recent years. Something might be done with fruit culture—a few peach orchards at Palestine have proved remarkably profitable, their product bringing high prices in the St. Louis market; but the population lacks enterprise to develop any new branch of industry.

A belt of rich prairie country running southward from the Red River to the Gulf, is the most inviting location for farmers and cotton planters, and yet it does not seem to fill up rapidly. The Northern part is becoming quite generally occupied by small farmers, but the remainder of the belt is divided up into large cotton plantations, that crop being the best in the country. Then there is the great cattle grazing region suitable only for that purpose, and destined never to have a large population. Taken altogether, the ideas in regard to the future of Texas are exaggerated and unreal. By 1890, reasoning from the past and present, the writer thinks the inhabitants of the whole State may number 2,500,000.

He does not advise extensive Northern immigration, is not enthusiastic in regard to the climate, but says any one desiring to engage in farming in a warm country, or to build up a frontier town, Texas holds forth inducements similar to Kansas or Nebraska, with the advantage of not requiring much preparation for Winter. The desperado element has thinued out, good order prevails in the principal towns, and life and property are protected, not only by civil authority but by public sentiment. The deeds of violence reported so often, take place in the border counties and the sparsely settled regions.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

It is said that a most excellent change is about to be made in the construction of the large cotton manufactories of New England. Hitherto they have been built up story after story, poor, weak flimsy structures, many of them, very liable to take fire and perfect human traps when they do so. Those working in the upper stories, who are generally women and children, are almost certain to lose their lives in such cases. Nobody can forget the terrible story of the destruction of the Pemberton Mills, and there have been other cases, where the country has been thrilled with horror at the wholesale "slaughter of the innocents."

The manufacturers now contemplate the erection of one story buildings instead of those of five or six, as at present. Besides the greater safety of the operatives, experiment has shown that a higher speed of machinery can be attained at less cost, and all the labor can be done more conveniently. Attention has been attracted to the matter lately by a report of a gingham factory which used last winter a one story building of brick, covering one acre of ground, and costing $23,000. The saving in gas alone for the winter was sufficient to pay the interest on the cost of the mill.

It is a cause of rejoicing that mill owners find this arrangement a pecuniary benefit, for though the safety of the operative should be the strongest motive for making such a change, when that comes in direct opposition to money gain, the latter often carries the day. With mills thus constructed, there will be little danger of fires that swallow up scores of victims. Any accident to the machinery will not bury a crowd of operatives under the *debris* of several stories of wood, brick and mortar. They may work with little fear of accident, or expectation of a sudden and violent death.

Where so many human beings are constantly employed, anything that secures their safety is a great step forward. It is progress in the fullest sense of the word, and a progress that will tell strongly upon the future of these people.

The new tax law of Pennsylvania compels Railroad and transportation companies, besides their dividend tax, to pay a tax on gross receipts, and companies mining coal to pay a special tax on that. Home insurance companies are taxed on their premiums, foreign insurance companies, banks, and all corporate and unincorporated fiscal agencies, on their net earning, and a fixed tax of four mills on the dollar is levied on all evidences of debt, public or private. Corporations in general are taxed three mills on the dollar on the par value of their stock, if a 6 per cent. dividend is declared, and less or more as the dividends are larger or smaller. A tax of three mills on the dollar on that valuation is levied if no dividends are declared, all profits kept by the company being treated as dividends. The tax on transportation companies is eight-tenths of 1 per cent. on gross receipts. The specifications under the tax of four mills on the dollar on the evidence of debts, bonds, mortgages and the like, cover every form under which a debt is recorded, and are so drawn as to continue the practice under which public corporation, Cities, and Towns deduct the local tax from the coupons on their bonds presented for payment by the owners outside of the State. Mortgages given in the purchase of real estate are exempted from all but State taxation.

The official report on the sanitary condition of the Russian army of the Caucasus for 1878 shows that there were about 200,000 men in that army; and that there were altogether 560,000 cases of illness reported in military and private hospitals. This shows that each soldier of the Army of the Caucasus was on the sick list about three times during the year. There were about 20,000 deaths, or 100 deaths to each 1,000 men. The principal disease was typhoid fever, which caused over 50,000 cases of prostration, and nearly 12,000 deaths.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Details in his own way the Experience of Mr. Peter Peggoty, Storekeeper at Davisville, Showing Why he is a Greenbacker.

Confederit X Roads,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,
July 10, 1879.

I met yesterday Mr. Peter Peggoty, a merchant, or ruther a ex-merchant, uv Davisville, a adjoining village, from whom in the halcyon days uv yore, it wuz no trouble for me whatever, to borrer sich sums uv money ez my wants required. I struck him wunst in 1873, for ez much ez $18,75. I alh z make it a pint to borrer odd sums, they bein jist the amount I find nessary to meet sum obligashen. It looks biznis-like, for ef a man sez "twenty," in round numbers the impreshun that he is a mere mersenary borrerer, alluz obtanes, and makes the operashun more difficult. It makes a great diff[illegible]ether you step into a man's stor[illegible]ely, and say "Peggoty, old feller, lend me twenty!" or whether yoo rush in with a paper in yoor hand, and say, all out uv breth, "Mr. Peggoty, I wuz a passin thro and I met a man to whom I owe $18.75, and I am extremely anxus to pay him and I haven't a cent about me, will yoo oblige me, with that amount until I git home?" Yoo only loose $1.25, and yoor chances uv gitting it are trebled.

But this is a digreshun. I beleeve I am gittin garrulus in my old age, but then soljers love to "sholder crutches and show how feelds wuz won."

Mr. Peggoty, commenst biznis in 1863, with no capitle at all ceptin $200 which his wife inherited from a aunt wich opportoonly deceest. In them days credit wuz easily prokoored. The kentry wuz prosperus. The Goverment wuz payin out millyuns every day, and oats wuz a dollar or more, cotton wuz any price yoo chose to ask for it, wheat wuz $2,50 a bushel, and a spavined hoss wuz wuth, for the army, anywhere from $200 to $400. Things wuz a boomin, ez they alluz do when currency is onlimitid and onrestrictid. Mr. Peggoty took his $200 and went to Looiville, and bot a stock uv goods and commenst store-keepin. He bot a stock uv $6,000 wuth, the odd $5,800 bein on credit, uv course.

He prospered exceedinly. He cood sell ez many goods ez he wanted, for the people hed money to buy with, and his store wuz thronged from mornin till nite. Money jist rolled in onto him, and he retired to bed every nite feelin that he wuz rich, and he wondered that anybody shood be poor when money wuz so easily made.

Uv course Mr. Peggoty enlarged his stile uv livin suthin in akkordance with his enlarged means. Why shood he not? He hed onlimitid credit in Looisville, his goods wuz bein markt up every day, and he bilt him a noo house, uv course, and it need not be remarkt that it wuz furnished in the most gorgus stile. He hed a pair uv hosses and a kerridge for Mrs. Peggoty to air her self into, and his eldest son went to Harvard, and his dawters to a seminary in Cincinnati. He bilt a addishen to his new house the second season, and his stables wuz probably the most gorgus uv any in Kentucky.

Mrs. Peggotty yoost to git somewhat oneasy, and wuz wont to ask him how his debts wuz in Looisville, but he alluz laft at her feers.

"Mirandy" wuz his constant remark, "I owe twenty or thirty thousand dollars there—really I hevn't had time lately to look it up—but what's the odds? Goods is going up every day, and I kin stand it." And so Mr. and Mrs. Peggoty went on a spendin their money ez a gentleman and lady shood, and runnin up their indebtedness in Looisville in a proper biznis-like way. It wuz at this period that I cood borry money uv Peggoty. Wood, oh wood that it cood hev continnered. John Sherman owes me a great deal of money. He hez croodly cut orf my supplies.

Ther cum a change. The war wuz over, and the Goverment ceased to pay out money for spavined hosses and oats to feed em. The soljers hed returned, and the plowshare wuz beeten into a prunin hook. Then came the infernal idee uv payin off the debt wich hed bin incurred, and the infamus noshun uv resumpshen followed clost upon its heels. The merchants uv Looisville came down to Davisville, and, Shylock-like, wantid their money uv Peggotty. He coodn't pay. "Where wuz the money yoo hev resceved for *our* goods?" they demandid, and the answer wuz, the house, the furnittoor, the hosses, and bills for the gentlemanly like livin Pegotty had indulged in.

With the rapassity uv freends they demandid and took a mortgage onto Pgegoty's house, and sich uv the goods ez he hed left, and sejestid mildly but firmly, that hereafter goods wood be sold for cash jist before delivery. The mizable plea on wich they took this mortgage wuz that the house hed bin bilt with ther property, and the furnitoor likewise. The livin wuz eternally gone.

Pegoty made a brave fight for existence, but in vane. Sherman, the finanshel boa constrictor, hed him in his fatal embrace, and wuz squeezin the life out uv him. In vane did Peggoty appeal to the stun-harted Sekretary. "Keep on ishoein money," wailed Peggoty. "Inflate the currency, and keep inflatin till I kin git shet uv these goods, and kin fail with suthin in my wife's name. Don't broose the brokin reed. Yoo are wipin out the biznis talent uv the kentry. Hev another war, ef needs be, but anyhow, bild a custom-house, and dig a ship canal here, and print greenbax to pay for em, that I may keep up my biznis, and save myself from impendin ruoin. Ez fast ez the custom house is bilt, and the ship-canal is dug, bild more custom-houses and ship-canals, and keep the currency up to my wants. Yoo are crushin me. So long ez the currency isn't adekate to my wants I can't borrer a cent, and ef I hev to buy goods for cash I can't do it. Shove out the munny and save the debtor class."

The cold-bloodid Sherman replied breefly. He remarked that another war mite be good enuff for the debtor class, but it wood be very bad for all other classes, and he declined to do it. Ez to bildin the Custom Houses and ship canals, he wood be glad to do it wherever Custom Houses and ship canals wuz necesary, but ez the people wood hev to pay for em, finally, he must reely decline to tax the people any more than wuz nessary. In short, he didn't bleeve in bildin things jist for the purpus uv puttin money into cirkelashen. And then come on a lot uv correspondence in wich the brootal Sherman remarkt that a Goverment, tho it wuz trooly paternal, coodent reely bolster up a man wich started in with $200, and who has lived like a fitin cock for 20 yeers, and now owed $50,000. He sed that ef Mr. Peggoty hed gone and lived jist ez he did afore the war, and hed saved the money he made by the rise uv goods, he wood be in splendid condishin to stand the fall on em, but ez he hed preferred to put his profits into purple and fine linen he ought to be satisfied with the satisfackshen the purple and fine linen hed given him. And the iron-souled Sekretary further remarkt that ef all the debtor class wuz jist like Mr. Peggoty, their failin wuz only a question uv time anyhow, and that it wuz jist ez good a time for em to fail ez he ever knowd, and that the biznis uv the kentry wood never be on a solid basis till they hed all gone to that finanshel bourne from wich none uv em wood ever return, till ther wuz another war, wich he hoped wood be a long time hence. He abslootly declined to consider Mr. Peggotty's case, and went on payin the debt, and ressomin, till the Sheriff came and sold Peggoty out, and the Looisville sharks, wich wantid their money, got away with at least 20 per cent. uv it.

Can't any one see the injustis this feend Sherman did Peggoty? Can't any one see that ef he hed gone on inflatin and expandin, Peggoty cood hev kep on his feet, jist ez long ez the expandin process wuz continnered, and that his biznis talent wood hev bin preserved to the kentry? Kin any one blame Peggoty for bein a Greenbacker uv the most pronounced stripe, and for his standin on the corners and adjoorin every friend uv the poor man to vote the Greenback-Dimecratic tikkit?

How many Peggotys hez this lizard Sherman to anser for? Wat does he know uv finanse?

Petroleum V. Nasby,
Troo Finanseer.

LITERATURE.

Peeps Into Recent Publications—Mere Mention of Books Received.

"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT," by Henry M. Stanley. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The publishers send out, in two large volumes of 550 pages each, a record of the trip of Stanley across the African continent, from the Island of Zanzibar, November 17, 1874, around the great lakes, down the Livingstone river, coming out at the Portuguese settlement of Embomma, Aug. 12th, 1877, having traveled 7,158 miles. The story of Stanley's travels is as interesting as one of the stories from Arabian Nights. He has the newspaper reporter's quick insight in selecting interesting details, and he tells the tale in an unaffected manner. It is a wonderful story of endurance and hardships. Well did Stanley deserve the honors showered on him on his return to Europe. Stanley, upon hearing the news of Livingstone's death, became fired with zeal to go and finish his work. He tells the story:

"I had strolled over one day to the office of the *Daily Telegraph* (in London) full of the subject. While I was discussing journalistic enterprise in general with one of the staff, the editor entered. We spoke of Livingstone and the unfinished task remaining behind him. In reply to an eager remark which I made, he asked:

Could you, and would you, complete the work? And what is there to do?

I answered:

The outlet of Lake Tanganika is undiscovered. We know nothing scarcely—except what Speke has sketched out—of Lake Victoria; we do not even know whether it consists of one or many lakes, and therefore the sources of the Nile are still unknown. Moreover, the western half of the African continent is still a white blank.

Do you think you can settle all this if we commission you?

While I live there will be something done. If I survive the time required to perform all the work, all shall be done.

The matter was for a moment suspended, because Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald* had prior claims on my services. A telegram was dispatched to New York to him, "Would he join the *Daily Telegraph* in sending Stanley out to Africa, to complete the discoveries of Speke, Burton and Livingstone?" and within 24 hours, my "new mission" to Africa was determined on as a joint expedition, by the laconic answer which the cable flashed under the Atlantic: "Yes, Bennett."

Two weeks were given him for preparations, and on August 14th, 1874, he left England for the coast of Africa. Arriving in Zanzibar, he began to arrange his expedition. Men were hired for the trip—each adult receiving $20 in advance, or four months' pay; each youth $10. Ration money at the rate one dollar week was paid from time of signing contract up to date, they started from the coast. Stanley was compelled to bind himself, on the word of "an honorable white man:"

First—That I should treat them kindly and be patient with them.

Second—That in case of sickness I should dose them with proper medicine and see them nourished with the best the country afforded.

Third—That in cases of disagreement between man and man, I should judge justly, honestly and impartially.

Fourth—That I should act like "a father and a mother" to them.

The total weight of goods, beads, wire, stores, medicine, bedding, clothes, tents, ammunition, boat-cars, instruments and stationery, was a little over 18,000 pounds, divided as nearly as possible into loads weighing 60 pounds each, requiring the carrying capacity of 300 men. We have not the space to follow them through their dangerous voyage, until they emerge at the other side of the continent, having lost 175 of their number by sickness and savage nations. The work Stanley laid down for himself he nobly carried out. He has made a name for himself among the great explorers, and opened a new world to be conquered by Christianity and civilization. And the faithful men who stood by him in all the perils should not be forgotten. Stanley writes of his parting with them:

"All the stormy period here ended rushed in upon my mind; the whole panorama of danger and temptation through which these gallant fellows had so staunchly stood by me—these gallant fellows now parting from me. Rapidly, as in some apocalyptic vision, every scene of strife with nature and nature through which these poor men and women had borne me company, and solaced me by the simple sympathy of common suffering, came hurrying across my memory, for each face before me was associated with some adventure, or some peril, or rounded me of some triumph or some loss. What a wild, weird retrospect it was, that mind's flash over the troubled past! So like a troublous dream! And for years and years to come, in many homes in Zanzibar, there will be told the great story of our journey, and the actors in it will be heroes among their kith and kin."

The books are profusely illustrated, and accompanied with maps showing every detail. Both writers and publishers are visions of a new world, to which our readers will thank us for directing their attention.

UNDER THE LILACS, by Louisa M. Alcott. Roberts Brothers, Boston: T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This is not at all what we had a right to expect from the author of "Little Women." The story is not only unreal but absurd. In these latter days rich young ladies do not take young tramps into their homes, adopt them at sight as their "younger brothers," and make them one of the family. They do not even do it "down Boston way," where they are capable of doing some very silly things. If Miss Alcott would write fewer books, and write them at her best, she would but be doing justice to herself. But popularity, now-a-days, is but for a season, and our book writers, when they make a hit, endeavor to profit by it to the utmost, thinking one good story covers a multitude of poor ones. Perhaps they are right.

FALCONBERG, by Hjalmar H. Boyesen Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

"Falconberg" is reprinted from Scribner's Monthly and well worth being put in book form. Mr. Boyesen gives us more than a simple story, though as a story the book is far beyond the average, but he gives us pictures from real life of the Norwegian at home and in exile. It is by reading good books the majority of mankind become educated; the educated man is a cosmopolitan; he knows the best and worst sides of life in all lands, and he learns that happiness and misery are everywhere, and he is taught to be satisfied with what God has given him. The best stories are those that give pictures of real life—not just the play of noble or base passions, but that place before us the characters as men and women live and act under the circumstances and with the surroundings described. Mr. Boyesen's story begins in Norway, and from there is soon transplanted to a Norwegian settlement in this country. The reader feels that he is getting a glance at a new life, and the characters and their surroundings will remain in the memory long after the book has been laid on the shelf. The author has not been in this country many years, but his command of the language seems to prove that our tongue is easily mastered.

THE LADY OF THE "AROOSTOOK," by W. D. Howells. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston; T. J. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

Mr. Howells pleasant little story describes the voyage of the "Arocstook" from Boston to Trieste and her passengers. These consisted of one young lady and three young men. The young lady has been reared in a small New England town, and does not suspect that her traveling alone across the Atlantic to meet friends in Italy, has aught of wonder in it. Mr. Howells fills his book with happy pictures of the bare, New England life, as found in the smaller towns, and we are sometimes surprised that he does it so mercilessly. The book is more a picture than a story, and it is drawn with a delicate touch. We have no writers who excel Mr. Howells in graceful English and happy character drawing, and everything from his pen is well done, and well worth reading.

THE SUMMER RESORTS and LAKES OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN, and how to reach them; with maps and illustrations. A. B. Leet, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The appearance of the heated term foreshadows the enjoyable summer jaunts and vacations now becoming every year more common. There is doubtless no section of the country which offers greater inducements to the people of surrounding States than Northern Michigan. The upper portion of the Southern peninsula contains vast sections of territory where the forests are comparatively unbroken, and these are intersected by clear, living streams and lakes which abound in trout, grayling, black bass and other game

The Farm.

In this Department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc. etc. Contributions should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Domesticating the Buffalo.

Efforts are being made, along the route of the Kansas Pacific Railroad to domesticate the bison or buffalo of the great plains. The hide of the animal is said to be superior in value to that of the common domestic cattle for manufacturing purposes, while the meat is as good. The fat has also been crossed with domestic stock, and the new breed is highly spoken of, though we doubt its superior use for dairy purposes. A proposition has been made to the National Government by the Railway Company, to establish a huge corral or enclosure for the vast herds of buffalo, and feed and domesticate them for ordinary use.

If this can be successfully done it will undoubtedly be of great value, as wild cattle, as wild horses, exceed the domestic cattle of Texas in numbers. Our meats, hides and meat would be resources for hides and meat would be increased at once on a profitless scale, and we should no longer depend upon the cattle of the Buenos Ayres pampas for our hides, when we should have such a resource as this to look to. We trust that the effort will be made under some sure auspices, whether Congress shall respect the offer or not. Unless something of this kind be done, these vast herds of flakes will be wasted away by Indians and white hunters in pursuit of their hides for robes.

It should be understood that it is a work of time, labor, care and study to domesticate any wild animal, more especially one like this, accustomed to the most unrestrained freedom, and always traversing the plains together in herds. That it can be done we do not doubt—indeed it has been done on a small scale—and if it were achieved it would lay the foundation of a great and permanent trade, both for the railways and the dwellers on the plains. That the common domestic stock can also be improved by crossing with the buffalo has been demonstrated by experiments made in Kansas. Thus we shall produce an American stock of cattle differing from any in Europe and perhaps better, certainly as good, in supplying food for man.

If the domestic stock were allowed to run loose on the plains it would soon become as wild as the bison. The domestic cat does, and so does the common goat when set free. Hogs allowed to run loose in the forest to feed on acorns become half wild. It is clear, therefore, that the domestic animals were originally as wild as the buffalo, and have been tamed. So we think the buffalo could be if corraled and fed. The success of such an enterprise would at once convert Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming and Colorado into vast cattle-raising regions, and give a prodigious impulse to the business, both for the supply of the meat markets of the Union, and for the command of the trade in hides, and in such materials as glue, whips, sandpaper, etc., made from the guts, hoofs, etc.

If we suffer the herds of buffaloes to pass out of existence without utilizing them in this way a great loss will be inflicted on many industrial interests, and we shall be compelled to seek out other and more costly methods of turning the great plains to some practical account. This is the shortest and easiest one that has yet offered, and as it requires no large expenditure of money, no laborious planting of trees or building of roads, we think it ought at once to be acted upon, so that the plan could be put into operation with the opening of Spring. The markets of the Atlantic States could then be supplied with buffalo meat even more cheaply than common beef, as we should have the herds sent to market alive to be sold and slaughtered here at our own doors. If we lose such an opportunity as this, one that offers so many advantages at so little expense, and that would open the way to a vast and permanent interest on the great plains, we shall deserve to be set down as extremely shortsighted.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Markets for Our Surplus Cereals.

Of late the weather nearly everywhere has been highly favorable to the farmers' hopes, and should it continue so for a few weeks longer, the prices of agricultural products, not their quantity, will alone be matters for anxiety. As there is but little doubt that the yield of our various crops will in the aggregate be at least as heavy this season as last, and as the home consumption cannot have been materially increased, our surplus for exportation will probably be fully as great from the present as from the preceding harvest. It is therefore a matter of no small importance to learn what are the prospects of crops in those countries whose agricultural products come into competition with our own in the markets of the world.

Throughout nearly the whole of Europe the past Winter was the severest for the past 20 years; while the Spring and early Summer have been more backward than at any time within 42 years. Violent storms of rain and wind have greatly injured all crops here and there throughout the British Isles and along the Atlantic coast of the Continent; while disastrous floods have desolated large areas of country in France, Italy and Austria. Although owing to the backwardness of the season and the unusual variability of the weather this year, it is as yet too early to form any definite opinion with regard to the crop prospects on the other side of the Atlantic; still it can readily be inferred from all reports from that quarter that the harvest will be considerably below an average in Great Britain and Italy; somewhat below in France and Austria; fair in Russia, our great competitor in wheat, and also in Spain and Portugal; much below the average in the wheat-growing regions along the Lower Danube, as well as in that granary of the ancient world, Egypt. Bismarck's measures for protecting home raised agricultural products in Germany, by imposing a tax on all foreign imports, have stimulated the farmers of the Fatherland to unusual efforts; but there also the season has been so unfavorable that little if anything more than an average crop can be expected. On the whole, therefore, while the European consumption of cereals will be fully as great this year as last, the supply furnished from domestic resources will, most likely, be considerably less, and the market for our own surplus therefore be proportionately better.

Moreover, it is only within the past year or two that our wheat has found entrance into France, Spain and Italy, but in the absence of adverse legislation, it is more than probable that it has secured a permanent market in all these countries. A habit of importing grain once formed by any country can seldom be broken. Either foreign competition lessens the home production, or the low prices of the commodity and its consequent abundance induce a larger general consumption, or, instead of raising grain, the native farmers engage in fresh industries, the profits on which compensate the country for the National loss of money entailed by the importations.

This view of the European agricultural outlook has, doubtless, had some influence in holding the prices of wheat at the present high figures throughout the West. But, inasmuch as the speculative movement which has led to the present "bull" operations in wheat at Chicago, Milwaukee, and the tributary territories, was inaugurated a considerable time before any idea could be formed of what the coming trans-atlantic harvest would be, the high prices now ruling must be chiefly due to the approaching culmination of the "corner" which Mr. [illegible] and his associates have been industriously forming since the beginning of [illegible]. The vast amount of capital [illegible] and of the combination, together with the extraordinary low rates [illegible] seaboard it has obtained [illegible] railroad companies, doubtless [illegible] up prices temporarily, [illegible] of the gloomy prospect [illegible] across the water; but with the arrival of the new harvest in market, prices *must* sink, at least at the outset, so that it would probably not be unwise for those of our friends who are holding back grain, to unload during the present era of high figures.

A comparison of our own crop reports with these in our European "exchanges" is an abundant source of gladness and thankfulness. On the whole, our crop prospects are prosperous, our markets promising, our farmers buoyant. Of course there are a few exceptions, but a perusal of our reports will bear us out in this statement. Our agricultural community is toiling manfully out of the slough of distress in which the nation has been floundering of late years, and bearing on its broad shoulders or dragging behind it the rest of the population. Well may our farmers be proud of the past and hopeful of the future, and these sentiments frequently find unconscious expression in little "asides" in their reports. Across the water on the other hand, whenever the farmer speaks of the outlook in his paper, he either grumbles, frets, or despairs. The whole agricultural world there is "out of joint," with no visible means of setting it right.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Outlook for Crops

The crop prospect may be summed up as follows: In the great wheat growing States of Minnesota and Wisconsin, the prospect is highly favorable. The late rains have removed all apprehensions of failure. In Wisconsin the crop promises to be up to that of last year, and from increased acreage it will probably be so in Minnesota. In Iowa, accounts are highly favorable, and the Fall sown wheat is in excellent condition. Spring wheat was hurt somewhat by the early drought, but the outlook is now promising.

Official figures show that the acreage of the wheat crop in Illinois this year, is 2,070,585, or 42,351 acres more than it was in 1878. Winter wheat harvesting is progressing rapidly in the southern part of the State, and by the time this reaches our readers, will, with continued good weather, pretty much place Fall sown grain out of danger from rust, insects or blight. In Michigan the prospect is all right for an exceptionally large yield. In Ohio, drought and other causes will perhaps reduce the crop by one fourth of the great yield of last year, and in Indiana about 10 per cent. The probabilities however, now are that even these States will come near an average crop. Harvesting is promising in Kansas and Missouri. Kansas may fall short of last year's crop by 20 per cent. Missouri will probably give an average crop. While the untoward weather of spring may reduce winter wheat this season by about 20 per cent. less than the crop of last year, favorable conditions may, on account of the increased acreage sown, bring it fully up to that of last year. Oats will undoubtedly be a light crop, and in anticipations of this stare of things prices for this grain have advanced nearly 100 per cent. The effect of this will be that more corn, (maize) and bran will be used in the large city and other markets.

Consumers of our cereal grains, not only in England, but on the continent of Europe, may yet have cause to congratulate themselves that the United States can furnish cheap bread stuffs to their dense populations. Untoward meteorological conditions may, and often do, overturn predictions based upon accurate information obtained at the time of writing. We are happy to state, notwithstanding the untoward weather of the early spring, that the wheat crop of the great cereal producing regions of the West, the Northwest and Southwest now bids fair to fully warrant all we have heretofore said as to the wheat crop of 1879.

So far as Indian corn is concerned, and we interpolate the European word maize, for what is known in the United States simply as corn, and for the benefit of our trans-oceanic readers; as to this important farming crop there never was a better show for a great yield. The weather at and before planting time was cold and dry, but these very conditions enabled farmers to plow every available acre of land. The weather in June, so far, has been fairly favorable, and if our advice has been taken to keep the cultivators going, and provide additional ones if necessary, the corn crop of the present season will, with seasonable weather, prove one of the greatest ever harvested in the United States.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Breeding Wild Cattle to Shorthorns.

The New Castle (Eng.) *Courant* gives an account of the Earl of Tankerville's experience in crossing the white unpedigreed and unmixed Chillingham cattle on heifers of pure Shorthorn stock.

It appears that two heifers of the pure Shorthorn breeds were put into an enclosure with one of the wild bulls of Chillingham Park, which had been trapped for the purpose. At the first meeting the bull would have nothing to do with the heifers, but showed fight. The beasts were then separated, it being feared that mischief might result from leaving the untamed bull and the heifers together. Three weeks after this another trial was made, and the result was the same. It was accordingly decided to leave the heifer with the bull, and let her take her chance. The consequence was that they became friendly, as she went into the same place to lie at times. The second heifer was then passed into the enclosure, and they all agreed very well together.

The last heifer put in gave birth on the 10th of June, 1877, to a very fine heifer calf, pure white, with a grand coat of hair, white muzzle, and red-tipped ears. On the 17th of the same month, seven days later, the other heifer produced a fine bull calf, and which is more of the wild type. It has a brown muzzle and spotted nose, black eyes and black eyelashes, and red-tipped ears; also a white and splendid coat of hair, and is not always safe to approach. The two animals are named respectively Eve and Adam—this being the first cross from the wild native cattle. They were permitted to suck their dams for nearly 12 months. The bull crossed his dam when 10 months old, and she has a bull calf, a perfect beauty, being pure white, white nose, and red tipped years, a beautiful coat of hair, and is well shaped. Of course, the heifers were a white strain for a long way back.

There are now two wild heifers trapped into the enclosure in the park, and it is intended to try the cross the other way on. Lord Tankerville is anxious to try experiments with a view of putting fresh blood and constitution into the Short-horn breed, and judging from appearances is going to succeed. The heifers, we understand, will not be allowed to go out of the park again amongst the wild herd to breed, as it is possible the impress might be left, his lordship having determined not to tamper with the breeding of the wild cattle, but to keep them strictly pure.

Nitrogen and Plants.

An English journal, in a report of the fifty-first general meeting of the society of German naturalists and physicists, recently held at Cassel, at which Prof. Thayer read a paper describing the results of some experiments carried on by him on the lands attached to the University of Giessen, with a view of determining what proportion of nitrogen in the form of manure must be given to plants under cultivation, to insure their normal developments, says:

From 1872 the lands in question had been treated only with the manufactured artificial manures, the exact chemical composition of which was determined by analysis before they were used. The quantity of nitrogen in the manure supplied during these seven years to a specially selected piece of ground was 89.5 pounds. The crops taken off the same grounds during the seven years contained 188.69 pounds of nitrogen, and consequently the ground had supplied to the crops 109.19 pounds more nitrogen than it had itself received in the manure. The amount of nitrogen supplied by the manure was thus 45 per cent. of the total, the remaining 55 per cent. being furnished from the atmosphere. The further question then arose how large a proportion of nitrogen, along with a liberal supply of other plant food, could be given so as to increase in the crop without occasioning it to die. By a series of comparative experiments the professor arrived at the conclusion that the largest proportion of nitrogen in the form of manure that can be profitably given to crops grown in the open air, is 75 per cent. of the total amount naturally present in them when ripe.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-sixth Congress--Extra Session.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, July 1.

Sen. EATON called up the adjournment resolution and moved to amend by fixing five P. M. to-day, as the time.

Sen. WINDOM then spoke in explanation of his course yesterday. He said his side had now exhausted all legitimate powers conferred upon them by the rules, in order to induce the majority to make the necessary appropriations for marshals. The President had, so far as he (Windom) knew, exhausted all the powers possessed by him on the subject. He had made a patriotic appeal to Congress to do its duty and not go home without making the necessary appropriations.

Sen. KERNAN—Is it not true that the bill vetoed yesterday appropriated $600,000 applicable to the execution of all laws that are mentioned in the message? It simply prohibited its use to pay special deputy marshals for attending elections. If States should provide money for all ordinary expenses of sheriffs in enforcing the laws, would it be extraordinary if the Legislature saw fit to use this money to have special deputies to arrest men without process in one particular subject?

Sen. WINDOM—That will not do. Whatever the original bill may have said on that subject, I offered one yesterday that said nothing about the deputy marshals, but only marshals and their general deputies, and every Democratic Senator voted for its postponement.

Sen. KERNAN—Yes, after we had added the simple provision that the money should not be used for other purposes, which the President does not specify.

Sen. WINDOM continued by showing that for four years the Democratic House had annually passed the appropriation bills maintaining the special clause that the provisions of title 26 of the revised statutes should be enforced. He thought this a curious fact in view of the present attitude of the party. He referred to the assertion of prominent Democratic Senators that under no circumstances would the necessary appropriations be allowed to fail. Those Senators now sat silent while the party carried out the threat made at the opening of the session to coerce the executive into endorsing certain political measures as a condition of allowing the Government to go on. The Republicans had done all in their power, and would not now further oppose the adjournment resolution. If the Democratic party could afford to go to the people with such a record, the Republicans certainly could rest upon theirs.

Sen. HEREFORD made a few remarks, throwing the blame for the failure of the appropriation for the marshals upon the President.

Sen. WINDOM said that part of the Court expenses had been provided for, but it was as if shot and shell had been provided and powder denied. The arm was paralyzed.

Sen. EATON thought Mr. Windom had not been visited by "Kind nature's sweet restorer," last night. He must have had the nightmare. He resented Sen. Windom's assertion that the Democrats would be responsible for the non-execution of the decrees of the Courts, and said that the Republicans were open to such charge.

Sen. CARPENTER asked Sen. Eaton if he thought the army appropriation bill authorized the use of troops at the polls in any form whatever.

Sen. EATON did not think so; if it did he had made a great mistake in voting for it.

Sen. CARPENTER entirely agreed with Sen. Eaton.

Sen. EATON said he was gratified. He entertained a high opinion of Sen. Carpenter's legal ability, and hoped his opinion would govern "the man at the other end of the avenue."

The adjournment resolution, as amended, was finally passed.

The vote was reconsidered by which the free quinine bill was referred yesterday to the Committee on Finance, and the bill was passed by a *viva voce* vote.

Sen. MAXEY moved to discharge the Committee on Foreign Affairs from further consideration of the House joint resolution looking to a further treaty with Mexico, in order that it might be considered and passed in the Senate to-day.

Sen. EATON opposed the motion. The matter had been referred to the committee yesterday and was of such importance that it should be carefully examined.

After further debate, Sen. MAXEY withdrew his motion.

The adjournment resolution was passed as amended—yeas, 27; nays, 16—a party vote, the Democrats voting yea and the Republicans nay.

A message was received from the House announcing its non-concurrence in the Senate amendments to the House joint resolution relating to committee clerks, pages, etc.

Senators Eaton, Beck and Allison were appointed members of a Conference Committee on the resolution.

The President pro tem. laid before the Senate a communication from the President of the United States transmitting in answer to the Senate resolution, a report of the Secretary of State, on the subject of correspondence in regard to Austin and Topolanga railroad claims. Ordered printed and to lie on the table.

Sen. ALLISON, from the committee on Appropriation, reported, with amendments the House joint resolution in regard to the pay of committees, clerks, pages and other employes of the Senate and House and for similar purposes. Among the Committee's amendments is a provision for additional pay to the female treasury clerks discharged under the reduction of the force in the Treasury Departments. Passed.

A message from the House announced its concurrence in the Senate amendment to the final adjournment resolution.

After an animated debate the Senate passed the House joint resolution providing 30 days' extra pay for House employes; yeas—30; nays—12.

A message from the House announced that a committee had been appointed to wait upon the President of the United States and inquire if he had any further communication to make to Congress, and asking for the appointment of a similar committee.

The Presiding Officer (Carpenter) appointed Bayard, Whyte and Anthony as such committee.

The report of the Committee of Conference on the joint resolution providing additional pay for Congress employees, discharged Treasury Clerks, etc., by which the Senate receded from certain amendments, was adopted.

Sen. Thurman being in his seat on the floor, Sen. ANTHONY said, "I take advantage of the absence of the President pro tem. from the chair to offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Senate are hereby tendered to Hon. Allen G. Thurman for the ability, dignity and impartiality with which he has discharged the duties of the chair.

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

The House joint resolution to pay $12,000 back pay to L. H. Pitchugh, former doorkeeper of the House, was passed.

After a short executive session Sen. KERNAN submitted the following resolution, which was unanimously agreed to:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Senate are due and are hereby tendered to Hon. William A. Wheeler, Vice-President of the United States, for the ability, courtesy and impartiality displayed by him whilst presiding over these deliberations during the present session of Congress.

Sen. BLAIR introduced a bill to authorize and promote an international inquiry as to the practicability of extending the channels of the Bay of Fundy and Mississippi River to and through Hudson Bay. Referred.

The Committee appointed to wait on the President reported that he had no further communication to send.

At 5 P. M. the President pro tem. said: "Senators, thanking you sincerely for the respect and approbation expressed in your resolution adopted to-day, and for the kind aid you have uniformly given me while temporarily performing the duties of the chair, and wishing you all a safe and pleasant return to your homes, I now, in obedience to the concurrent resolutions of the two houses, declare the Senate adjourned without date." [Applause on floor.]

HOUSE.

A message was received from the Senate stating that it had agreed to the House resolution for a final adjournment, with an ammendment fixing the time at 5 P. M. to-day.

Mr. MORRISON moved to concur in the amendment and a vote took place on the motion. The resolution was concurred in, 93 to 65, and a recess was then taken until 4 o'clock.

The bill relative to the pay of Committee Clerks, etc., was received with amendments from the Senate. The amendments were non-concurred in, and a Conference Committee was ordered.

The resolution was agreed to paying employes of the House on the annual roll one month's extra pay.

The SPEAKER announced the appointment of Messrs. Atkins, Bucknell and Fields as a Committee to wait upon the President and inform him that the two Houses were ready to adjourn if he had no further communication to make.

A resolution was adopted for the payment of $1,250 to L. H. Fitzhugh, for services as Doorkeeper during the 44th Congress.

The Speaker announced the appointment of Mr. Herndon upon the Committee in regard to Cincinnati election in place of Mr. Sanford, declined.

When the House was called to order there were but very few members in the area in front of the Speaker's table claiming recognition, the remainder were patiently awaiting in their seats, the arrival of the hour fixed for adjournment.

Mr. BLACKBURN submitted the conference report on the joint resolution relative to the pay of Committees, clerks, etc., which was agreed to.

Mr. GIBSON (La.) moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill amending the Mississippi River Commission bill so as to provide that the President may appoint any of the Commissioners to be President of the Commission. He stated that the bill would not affect the Commission as at present organized.

On division the bill was passed, 65 to 13, but Mr. BAYNE raised the point of "no quorum." The yeas and nays were then ordered, and resulted, yeas—133; nays—21. Mr. BAYNE again raised the point of "no quorum," and the bill was thus defeated.

The House then took a recess for 10 minutes, which was consumed in hand-shaking and leave taking, and the Ohio members were cautioned not to lose that State at the election.

Mr. Atkins, one of the committee appointed to wait upon the President, announced that the President had stated that he had no further communications to make.

Five o'clock having arrived, the Speaker said: "Gentlemen of the House of Representatives: Before we separate I desire to return my thanks, as the presiding officer of this House, to the members of this House, of every political division, and to say to them that I appreciate their uniform kindness and conduct. And now, in obedience to the terms of the concurrent resolution of the two Houses fixing the time for the final adjournment of the first session of Forty-Sixth Congress, I declare this House adjourned without day." [Applause all over the House and in the galleries.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Platform Adopted by the Party.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—On re-assembling, the Democratic Convention Committee on Permanent Organization reported in favor of the temporary officers for permanent. The report was adopted. The platform as heretofore telegraphed adopted, and the Convention adjourned until to-morrow.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—The platform, as agreed upon by the Committee, affirms that the Democratic party, being the only party which has always obeyed and maintained the Federal Constitution, is therefore the only one that can be trusted to administer the new organic law of the State; pledges the party to the support of its provisions, to an economical administration, and to the reduction of taxation, and its equal and uniform imposition upon all classes of property; condemns Chinese immigration; endorses the action of the Democrats in Congress who secured the passage of the Thurman bill compelling railroads to pay interest on bonds; declares in favor of legislative control of corporations and regulation of freights and fares, and demands the protection of mining industries. The following are the planks referring to national matters in full:

The Democratic statement of an indissoluble union of indestructible States, under the paramount authority of the Federal Constitution, in all the powers which have not been reserved by States.

As suffrage is a privilege conferred exclusively by the State—each State for itself, agreeably to the constitutionally expressed will of the people thereof—any attempt of the General Government to interfere with elections in the States, or in any of them, is dangerous to the liberties of the people and destructive of the sacredness of elective franchise and therefore we condemn as unconstitutional and subversive of the freedom of the ballot, the odious laws of Republican origin and adoption, by which Federal Supervisors of elections and deputy Marshals are empowered to interfere with the registration of voters, and United States troops are stationed at places to intimidate or disfranchise citizens native and naturalized in unison with their party brethren throughout the republic.

The Democrats of California denounce the repeated abuse of the veto by Rutherford B. Hayes setting as executive office of Government in defeating the will of the people as expressed by Congress in his rejection of the bills passed by that body to repeal obnoxious and unconstitutional laws during the present session.

The Democrats of California earnestly approve the conduct of Democrats in both Houses of Congress for their firm adherence to a just determination in the repeal of laws by which the rights of voters are interfered with at the instance and under the authority of a Republican Administration, to the extremity of depriving citizens of suffrage, for the purpose of carrying elections by force and fraud.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2.—On the re-assembly of the Democratic Convention this evening a resolution was offered that with the exception of the Governor and Judiciary no candidate of any other State Convention be indorsed. This created a long and heated discussion during which the fact developed that delegates from San Francisco and Sacramento had been holding a conference with the "Hon. Bilks" with a view of procuring the indorsement of the H. B. ticket, on which are many Republicans. It was strongly argued by the friends of fusion that on occasions of desertion from the Democratic ranks the only possible chance for success lay in coalition. Their opponents denounced the proposed indorsement as an attempt to sell the party to the H. B.'s.

Pending roll call, a telegraph from Glenn, accepting the nomination, was read. On call of the roll the resolution was adopted, ayes, 198; nays, 148. Cheers and confusion followed.

Sullivan, of San Francisco, objected to putting up Democrats to be sacrificed, and moved an adjournment sine die, amid a babel of cries. Another delegate charged Fowler, of Tulare, a delegate on the floor, with saying that he would vote and work for the Republican candidate, and accused him of selling out to a railroad. [Uproar re-doubled.]

Fowler attempted to reach his accuser, but was seized by Gov. Irwin and others. For a few moments a general row was imminent, but order was finally restored.

The Convention proceeded to nominate a Lieutenant Governor. Josh J. Lynch, Los Angeles; Thomas Fowler, Tulare, and Levi Chase, San Diego, were proposed and the latter nominated on the first ballot. A motion to adjourn was lost. For Secretary of State, W. J. Tinman, of Trinity, was nominated by acclamation. Thomas Beck, the incumbent declining the nomination. Adjourned.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Peace Negotiations Between Chelmsford and Cetewayo.

LONDON, July 3.—In the peace negotiations between Lord Chelmsford and the Zulu King, Chelmsford promised if the two cannon captured at Isandula were surrendered within a week and hostages sent into the British lines as evidence of Cetewayo's sincerity, he would grant an armistice pending the arrival of terms of peace, for which he had telegraphed to England three weeks ago.

Chelmsford, at the request of Zulu messengers, sketched the outlines of the probable terms, namely, the enforcement of Sir Bartle Frere's ultimatum of unconditional surrender, immunity to England for the cost of the war, and a return of the spoils taken at Isandula.

If Cetewayo is unable to comply with the last-named condition, the British must themselves recover the spoils from individual holders. Messengers were warned to be prepared for the probability of a final ceremony of the conclusion of peace at Ulundi.

A dispatch from Capetown, June 10, says, "Strong hopes are entertained of the success of peace negotiations. The British forces are disgusted and disheartened with the war.

THE MARSHAL'S BILL.

The Way the Democrats have Crippled the Executive Arm of the Judiciary.

Special Telegram to the Chicago Tribune.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1.—There are difference of opinion among Government officers as to the effect of the failure of the Appropriation bill for Marshals. It is maintained by some officers of the Executive Departments that the Marsals will be compelled to abandon a part of their duties. That, for instance, they will from this day, the beginning of the new fiscal year, be prohibited from acting in many of the executive capacities in which they help to keep the machinery of the courts in motion. It is claimed that the Marshals will be prohibited now from performing any of

THE FOLLOWING DUTIES,

by reason of the failure of the Democratic Congress to pass the appropriation for their payment:

1. The serving of any warrant, attachment, summons, or capias in a criminal cause.

2. The safe keeping of any personal property attached for the United States.

3. The serving of venires or summoning of grand or petit jurors in any case.

4. The holding of any court of inquiry by the Marshal.

5. The serving of writs of subpœnas in United States civil or criminal cases.

6. The serving of any writ of possession, execution, partition, or any final process in favor of the United States, or advertising or disposing of the property.

7. The making of bail bonds in United States causes.

8. Summoning appraisers in seizures for the United States.

9. The execution of deeds of property by the United States in execution sales.

10. Proclamations in admiralty by the United States.

11. Attachments in rem or libels in admiralty for the United States.

12. The keeping of boats, vessels, or other property attached or libeled in admiralty for the United States.

13. The sale of vessels or other property condemned in admiralty for the United States.

14. The endeavoring to arrest any person charged with or

CONVICTED OF A CRIME.

15. The commitment or discharge of prisoners to or from the custody of the Marshal.

16. The transportation of criminals or the employment of guards therefor.

17. The attendance of the Marshal or his Deputy at any Circuit or District Court.

18. The attendance of the Marshal or any of his Deputies at examination before a United States Commissioner, or bringing, guarding, or retiring such prisoners at such examinations.

In effect, it is maintained that, unless the courts violate the plain letter of the law, criminals and smugglers will have

IMMUNITY FROM ARREST

and prosecution; that public property in the custody of Marshals must be abandoned; that the United States is powerless to collect debts due it, and that the Marshals, even, may not arrest a custodian of public money known to have smuggled Government funds. This theory of the effect of the failure of the Democrats to make the appropriation rests upon the prohibition contained in Sec. 3,679, Revised Statutes, which reads as follows:

"No Department of the Government shall expend in any one fiscal year any sum in excess of the appropriations made by Congress for that fiscal year, or involve the Government in any contract for the future payment of money in excess of such appropriations."

As no appropriation has been made for the payment of Marshals' fees for the current fiscal year, it is claimed that the above section

FORBIDS THE PAYMENT

of such fees, and also forbids the involving of the Government for any liability on account of Marshals' fees for the current fiscal year.

If the Marshals were to perform any duty for which a fee or compensation is provided by law, then the Government would be involved in the liability to pay such fee or compensation. Hence it is insisted that the Marshals are prohibited by the statute from performing any duty for which the United States would be liable to pay a fee.

BEN. HILL'S CONSTITUENTS.

The Way They Serve the Assistants of United States Marshals.

ATLANTA Ga., July 1.—Pickens County, Georgia, has a bloody sensation, and the excitement caused by it is still high. The county has always been famous for illicit distillers, who live so close in the mountains that revenue officers have to employ native informants to enable them to make arrests. Two brothers named Poole, had become famous for rendering such services and were objects of hatred to moon-shiners for miles around. In spite of frequent warning they continued to guide Government detectives and report offenders. The elder brother was specially active and some of his victims resolved on revenge. Sunday night a large mob, armed with guns and revolvers proceeded to Poole's house and called him out. Poole came to the door, but showed fight. He emptied a revolver at the mob. His brother then rushed to his side, and was about to shoot when the mob fired a dreadful volley. The elder Poole fell headlong from several wounds, while his brother reeled and fell dead with his body full of bullets. The mob then fled, but Mrs. Poole says she recognized as the leader Mike Stoner, a well-known moon-shiner. She has given the names of several others, for whom warrants are out. The County is in commotion over the murder.

Democratic Convention.

BANGOR, Me., July 1.—The Democratic State Convention was held to-day and Gov. Garcellon was re-nominated by acclamation. The following is the platform:

Resolved, That the partisan acts of Congress that withdraw the control of elections from honest electors and place it in the custody of the tools of the Executive, are not designed to secure honest elections but to enable a fraudulent administration to perpetuate its power.

Resolved, That the power to buy up the ballots of every City under the name of Deputy Marshals, without limit as to their number or price, and at the expense of the public treasury and placing power in a single individual minion of the executive to arrest and imprison, with or without warrant, any and as many of the peaceable electors as he may choose to keep from voting, are powers too dangerous to be trusted to any administration.

Resolved, That we approve of the efforts of the Democratic members of Congress to secure the repeal of the outrageous and odious enactments, so against all traditions of the builders of our Republican system that we do not hesitate to declare that no further appropriation should be made in Congress to carry them into effect. That we condemn the action of the Republican leaders in keeping alive the sectional issues and hatreds engendered by the war, and we call on all true men and patriotic citizens everywhere to recognize no North, no South, no East, no West, but one whole country composed of equal States in one inseparable union.

Resolved, That we are in favor of a currency of gold, silver and paper, the paper to be kept at par with coin at all times; and are in favor of the free, unlimited coinage of silver; that we approve of the measures of economy and reduction of the expenditures inaugurated by the union of Democrats and Greenbackers in the last Legislature, and insist on their continuance in the future as the only salvation from ruinous taxation and hopeless bankruptcy.

A Stalwart Democratic Howl.

New York Sun (Dem.)

What have they gained? They will go home leaving upon the statute books every Election law that stood there four months ago. Not one line or letter has been wiped out by their efforts. The Republicans openly boast that they are left free to use the bayonet at the polls to any extent that partisan exigencies may require. The system of fraud and force that has heretofore been used to defeat popular suffrage, and which put Hayes in the White House, remains in full operation, under the control of the old engineers.

AN ADVENTUROUS JOURNEY.

How Important Legal Papers were Taken from Santa Fe to Del Norte.

Denver (Col.) Tribune.

Last week it was announced by Judge Hallett that before he could issue an order in the railroad controversy it would be necessary to file the papers in the case at Del Norte, and have certified copies of them returned to Denver. This seemed a very simple thing to do. All that was needful was to go to Del Norte and return, and everybody but deluded individuals with tow-lines presumed that the journey and return could be made in two or three days, with little or no difficulty. Ordinarily it might, but not in this case. The previous experiences with the Denver & Rio Grande had convinced the Atchison people that they had a lawless gang to deal with, and that every effort would be made to stop the messenger who carried the papers. Hence it was necessary to find a courageous, intelligent, trustworthy man to perform the dangerous task, and in casting about they hit on Richard Hornbrook, a stalwart Kentuckian, more famiarly known as "Dick," and induced him to undertake the journey. Dick didn't know what a contract he had taken. He supposed that he might be meddled with on the way, but he didn't dream to what an extent it would be carried.

The journey down was not particularly exciting. He left on Thursday morning, and, with one or two exceptions, nobody knew his errand. It was not until after he had passed Pueblo that he knew he was shadowed, and then he was all ears and eyes. The supervision must have been pretty open, for as he stepped from the train in the evening at Alamosa, a passenger whispered in his ear, "Look out; you are watched."

At Alamosa, Hornbrook put up at Perry's, and met another man detailed for the same duty. At an early hour Friday morning he arose, walked out of town a mile or two on the prairie, and met the team which was to take him to Del Norte. There the papers were filed, certified copies obtained, and the two started back to Alamosa. He wore two shirts, and the papers were carefully belted between them. As they neared Alamosa the trouble began in earnest. All the roads leading to the town had been picketed with men commissioned to catch the two, but they were too smart for them. They saw that to go on by the main road meant certain capture, and probably death, so they struck off and came down what is known as the "short road," a trail used only by the Swiss settlers. So indistinctly marked was it that it was necessary to employ a guide, and the three, expecting an assault every moment, came down this half-deserted trail on their way to the town at the end of the track. When near Alamosa they got out of their wagon and walked into town. Such time had they made that they confidently expected to get there before the regular train started, but the Denver & Rio Grande people had prepared for that by sending off the train an hour and a half before time. Then things began to look desperate, and the two separated—Hornbrook holding on to the papers and the guide. He saw that his only chance to get to Pueblo was to get there by conveyance and on horseback, and he made his preparations accordingly. But the Denver & Rio Grande people were also at work. They had picketed the bridge over the Rio Grande, and had men patrolling the river. Hornbrook, however, learned that the men were some 50 yards above the ford, and he determined to attempt the passage. Between 12 and 1 on Saturday morning, and hidden by shadows, the wagon in which he was rolled quietly to the ford and started across. Half way over they were discovered, and the Denver and Rio Grande sneaks opened fire on them. No one was hurt however, and they reached the other side in safety. From thence the wagon continued on to Mt. Blanco, where Hornbrook and his guide took horses and continued on their journey. From there they crossed to the base of Sheep Mountain, came down the mountain to a spur of Greenhorn and then into the Huerfano Valley to a little town where they expected to get something to eat, but the expectation proved delusive. Meanwhile they were getting hungry. They had had nothing to eat since the night before, and it was getting monotonous, but there was nothing in that country, and it was not until they reached Scott's store, about 45 miles from Pueblo, that they were treated even to the sight of a cracker. Scott's is on Huerfano Creek, and it was about 5 o'clock Saturday evening when Dick reached there. From thence he went to a ranch on Placer Creek, and there left his horses, getting a road-wagon at Apache Creek. From thence he drove to St. Charles Creek, at which place he arrived at 2 o'clock on Sunday morning and treated himself to a square meal of creek water. There he camped for two hours, and at 4 o'clock left for Pueblo, which place he reached without further trouble.

At Pueblo he stopped at the Commercial Hotel and asked for Milt Barlow, the well known minstrel, who was at the same place. Hornbrook and Barlow were old friends, both having come from Lexington, Ky., and Hornbrook asked to be shown to Barlow's room at once. Additional precautions were necessary. As soon as he reached Pueblo he was spotted, and as the town was overrun by the Denver and Rio Grande mob, he felt uneasy about his papers. Therefore, he went up to Barlow's room and took them off his person, and sent for a commercial man of his acquaintance who was on his way to Denver.

"When are you going up?" asked Dick.

"On the next train," replied the tourist.

Hornbrook at once handed him the papers and told him to put them in his valise. "If I get off on the same train," said he, "I will take the papers before I get to Denver. If I don't, deliver the papers to H. F. Jones, with instructions to take them to Judge Reed at once." The tourist took the papers and put them in his valise. That night Hornbrook's room was broken into and searched, but the papers were not found. The next morning he got off on the train, secured the papers again when a mile the other side of Denver, and brought them in safely on Sunday night.

The trip was one full of adventure, and but for Hornbrook's daring and shrewdness the papers would not have gotten here. "A thousand dollars wouldn't induce me to try it again," said he to a *Tribune* attache yesterday.

The Silver Cross.

A curious anecdote is related concerning the establishment of Benedictines at Delle (Haut Rhin), where these poor monks sought an asylum when driven out of Switzerland with scarcely any means of support. One morning the superior informed the brethren that he had not a son left, and that, for a moment, they must resign themselves to fasting. After making this painful announcement he withdrew, when suddenly an idea occurred to him. He wore round his neck a silver cross, and he thought, "If I sell this, the price might suffice to provide us with food for to-day; to-morrow God will take care of us." He at once hastened to a jeweler. The latter closely examined the little cross. "How much do you ask for this, father?" "I do not know: is 200 francs too much?" The jeweler smiled and said, "Suppose I offer you 40,000 francs?" The astonished ecclesiastic replied, "Why, surely you are joking." But the dealer was not, and handed over 40,000 francs. The community was by this means enabled to definitely establish itself at Delle. What rendered this cross so valuable, and what has become of it? Many mysterious things have been related concerning it. However, it appears to have been a gem unique from an artistic point of view and of great antiquity, and moreover to have historical souvenirs attached to it, with which the father was unacquainted, which rendered it a curiosity of the highest value.

Probably no man so fully realizes the hollowness of life and human ambition as the man who ladles a teaspoonful of new-laid horseradish into his mouth, under the impression that it is ice cream.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Dr. Harter's IRON TONIC

Is a Preparation of IRON and CALISAYA BARK, in combination with the Phosphates.

Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, &c., &c.

Manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Co., No. 813 N. Main Street, St. Louis

The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily.

Gentlemen:—Some three months ago I began the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON T

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL.

Congress having adjourned without action on the bill authorizing an allowance for leaking on export packages of alcohol between distillers and the port of export, an immediate collection is ordered of all drawback assessments for this cause which have been delayed pending the action of Congress. The assessments amount to $50,000 or $60,000.

The President, Mrs. Hayes, Secretary and Mrs. Thompson, Sec. McCrary and others left Friday on the "Tallapoosa" for Norfolk and Fortress Monroe. The party will be absent several days. Upon returning, the President will go to the Soldiers' Home. He will only be absent from the City for a few days at a time.

A dispatch says the President remits the sentence of dismissal by court martial upon Capt. Joseph Rendelbrock, of the Fourth Cavalry. He was found guilty of misbehavior before an enemy of Indians and neglect of duty. The Court recommended clemency on account of the age of the Captain, his long and creditable service, and the fact that his physical condition showed him to be unfit for an active campaign.

At Washington July 2, the President withdrew the nomination of W. S. Matthews as United States District Judge for Maryland, and substituted Thomas J. Morris, of Baltimore, and the Senate confirmed him without debate or division. The Senate also confirmed John A. Hunter, of Missouri, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah; Lieut. Col. John Newton to be Colonel, and Maj. George H. Wendell to be Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers.

EAST.

The advance in wheat is attributed to the unfavorable crop advices from Europe and the fact that the "shorts" are covering on all months, even as far ahead as September. There are also large European orders to buy here.

WEST.

At Cincinnati, July 1, Judge Swing, in the United States District Court sentenced Gus. Clark, a member of the City Council, to one year's imprisonment and a fine of $250 for neglect of duty as a Judge of Election last Fall, the election being held under the United States Supervision law. Clark's attorney will sue out a writ of habeas corpus and carry the case to the Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of the United States Election law. The execution of the sentence was suspended for 20 days to enable the necessary legal steps to be taken.

At Bismarck D. T., July 5, Lieut. S. H. Soder of the 7th Infantry, shot himself through the head while sitting in his tent at Fort Benton. The reason assigned for suicide is too much whisky. Soder is the officer who did gallant service in Judith Basin this spring, killing half as many Indians as he had men in his own detachment. Soder graduated from West Point in the class of '77. His parents live in Jersey City.

Telegraphic advices dated July 8th, indicate that the general rain storms that have prevailed in Interior and Southern Ohio and Indiana the past few days have been of great benefit to the growing corn. The wheat has been damaged to some extent though not sufficiently to materially affect general results.

FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.

At London July 4, in the House of Lords Earl Cardogan said, so far as could be judged from telegrams received, Cetewayo had made no overtures containing definite terms of peace. The Government's latest information was contained in a telegram from Lord Chelmsford to Sir Bartle Frere, dated June 6, stating that Cetewayo's messenger had been sent back with a message that Cetewayo must give proofs of his sincerity, such as the surrending of the two cannon captured at Isandula and giving of hostages, and also by sending a Zulu regiment to the British camp to lay down their arms as a proof of their submission. Lord Chelmsford informed Sir Bartle Frere that pending Cetewayo's answer there would be no military operations. When Cetewayo had given the proof required a cessation of hostilities would be ordered pending the discussion of the final terms of peace. The [illegible] on the 20th of March, sent a despatch to Lord Chelmsford and Sir Bartle Frere setting forth the basis on which peace must be negotiated.

Germany.

The London Standard's Berlin correspondent says: "The harvest in Germany is very promising. The clause of the tariff bill which was adopted yesterday enables the German Government to make reprisals against any State which may subject German merchanise or shipping to special disadvantages. The Federal Council has decreed that tariff duties in the case of such State may be raised 50 per cent. The Reichstag has approved the duties on woolen goods. Wool remains free."

France.

It is said DeLesseps stated at the last meeting of the Geographical Society that he does not think the total of expenses of constructing the Darien canal will exceed 250 million francs. The difficulties of the work were not so formidable as those which had to be overcome in the construction of the Suez canal, as a railway already existed along the course of the proposed Panama canal with a large town at each extremety.

South America.

At New York July 6, Rio Janeiro advices to June 8 report the dismissal of the Minister of the Interior by the Emperor, at the request of the Premier, because of differences with his colleagues. The dismissal caused great excitement in the Chamber of Deputies. On the 6th the dismissed Minister interpellated the government, and the crowd in the galleries applauded, and hooted the deputies to a degree that compelled the President to suspend the sitting for two hours. He then had a guard of 400 soldiers stationed outside of the house, which action greatly excited the populace, who greatly insulted the Premier and Finance Minister in the streets and at the entrance of the Chamber. The disturbances were renewed the following day by the mob, insulting the Ministers when proceeding to the Cabinet Council. The troops finally dispersed the rioters, but not before several persons were wounded. The City was then patrolled by soldiers.

Troops have commenced to advance from Fort Pearson to Fort Chelmsford and a brigade had almost been effected with Col. Wood who is also advancing. The rumor that an armistice had been agreed to is not confirmed.

Panama active[illegible] say in the fight in Magdalena, Columbia, the revolutionists were victorious. Several officers and men of the battalion which figured so prominently in Panama on the 17th of April were killed.

The British steamer "Osprey" has been ordered to Panama.

The Columbian Senate has directed the President to offer himself as a mediator between Chili and Peru.

The Chilian iron clad "Blanco Encalada" was much damaged in her contest with the "Huascar," and suffered, also, it is said, a loss of life.

Capt. La Page, of the Bolivian army, is a prisoner, having been engaged in the conspiracy to assassinate the General-in-Chief of Bolivia.

South Africa.

A New York dispatch from Capetown via London, says the Court of Inquiry convened for the purpose of examining into the conduct of Lieut. Carey, in command of the scouting party to which the Prince Imperial was attached at the time of his death, finds the Lieutenant did not understand the position in which he stood toward the Prince and was not aware he was expected to exercise any special guardianship or care over his person. The Court, however, goes on to censure him for proceeding upon his reconnoisance without a sufficient escort; for halting and dismounting upon dangerous ground—acts which betrayed a deplorable want of military prudence; the Court regrets no attempt was made by Lieut Carey to rally his escort and to confront the enemy. After the Court of Inquiry a Court Martial was organized to try the Lieutenant. Carey sets up in his own defense that he was in charge of the party when the Prince was killed, and the evidence thus far submitted somewhat clears him of the charge of cowardice.

GERMAN TARIFFS.

The Changes Not to Take Place Immediately.

BERLIN, July 8.—On the third reading of the tariff bill in the Reichstag it was finally resolved, on motion of Count Stalberg Wernigerad, that tariff on flour and fats shall come into force immediately; the tariff for grain and wood the first of October, and for all other articles the first of January, 1880. This arrangement postpones the change in the tariff on the bulk of the articles for three months. The Count pointed out that the preparations would not be sufficiently advanced for the enforcement of the completed tariff on the first of October, as proposed by the Tariff Committee.

MELTED AWAY.

The Millions of W. B. Ogden Shrunk to a Sixpence.

Chicago Tribune, June 27.

At the time of the demise of the late W. B. Ogden the estate he left was popularly supposed to be worth ten to fifteen millions over all debts and demands. After a while reports were floating about to the effect that it would not pan out more than three to five millions, but, as he left no children, public sympathy for the heirs was not deeply touched at the shrinkage. Now comes the report that in consequence of the collapse in the value of real estate and the consuming, growing power of mortgage interest and taxes the entire estate has pretty much melted away in the hands of the executor. The *Evening News* says:

"The estate, on the death of Mr. Ogden, was put into the hands of Mr. Green, who had been an intimate friend of the deceased, and was formerly Comptroller of the City of New York. Mr. Green has managed the estate as prudently as possible, endeavoring to husband its resources in every possible way; but it is stated that he finds it extremely hard to meet the debts that have been pressing upon it. His general statement to its creditors is said to be that, if not hard pressed, he may be able to meet all debts due by the estate, but that from the present outlook there will be but little if anything left when all claims are extinguished. Mahlon D. Ogden, brother of William B. Ogden, some time since made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. He was more or less involved in his brother's transactions. The estate of the late William B. Ogden consists of lands, houses, mining and railway property, lumber mills and a variety of other assets, the shrinkage in all of which has been something fearful to contemplate. It was valued at several millions previous to 1873. Mr. Ogden left a widow who owns a large amount of property in her own right and which she possessed at her marriage. He left no children, the principal part of his property being willed to his nephews and to Mrs. McCagg, *nee* Jones, his sister.

GEN. SULLY'S DAUGHTER.

A Handsome Indian Agent Said to be Heir to an Immense Fortune.

Yankton Herald.

Gen. Alfred Sully, who died recently at Fort Vanceuver, on the Pacific Coast, left a very valuable estate in Philadelphia, inherited from his father, and also a considerable sum of money he had accumulated in his long army career. The Philadelphia estate alone is worth several hundred thousand dollars. It is now said that the only person to whom any part of Gen. Sully's large fortune of right belongs is his half-breed daughter Julia, at present living with the White Swan's band of Yankton Indians, 80 miles above this place on the Missouri, and making her home with the family of Colin La Mont, also of mixed blood. Those who knew Gen. Sully well while campaigning against the Indians of Dakota say that at his death he had no wife nor any issue living except this girl, and steps will soon be taken to establish her rights to the fortune. The marriage of Gen. Sully, according to Indian custom, with this girl's squaw mother, is susceptible of proof, and it is believed that it will be difficult to invalidate the claim. Gen. Sully's daughter, who is well known to those who have traveled through the upper country, is regarded as the handsomest Indian maiden on the Missouri River or in the great Sioux nation. She can not talk English, and her habits are thoroughly aboriginal. The daughter of the late Gen. Sully was frequently seen by the writer, while engaged in surveying the Yankton Reservation. Having occasion to stop at the house of Colin La Mont, the girl's handsome appearance attracted attention, and La Mont was asked if she was a daughter of his. La Mont said, "No, sir; she is Sully's daughter, and if any of you men had seen Sully, you would say she bears a strong resemblance to him."

Trying to Astonish a Pawnbroker.

Chicago Tribune.

The imperturability and extreme caution of the average pawbroker are proverbial. On Saturday a young man of an experimental and facetious turn of mind resolved to astonish a pawnbroker or die in the attempt. So entering the secret shrine he gave the officiating pontiff a $10 gold piece, and said: "Well, old man, how much'll you advance me on that?" The pawnbroker tested, rang, and weighed the coin, dropped a little aquafortis upon it, and replied: "I can let you have $4 on it." "Four Erebuses!" cried the young man, "why, its worth more." "Well, yes," answered the pawnbroker, "the gold is good evidently, but it is very old-fashioned—it was made in 1834—and isn't worth any more than its weight in old metal. Besides, there is such fluctuation in gold and silver. I've seen gold up to 285 and silver down to 84; how do I know but that silver may go up to 285 and gold down to 84? I can't take any risks in my business like that, you know. But I'll tell you what I will do, seeing it's you. I don't mind letting you have $5 on it, but don't let the boss know, for he has the heart disease, and the shock might kill him."

"Gimme seven dollars, and take it," said the impecunious youth, but the pawnbroker shook his head so sternly that he knew it was no go, and so picking up his $10 gold piece he departed. He returned three minutes afterwards, and throwing down the same piece, said to the pawnbroker: "Say, can you give me two five dollar greenbacks for this?" "Certainly, sir," said the pawnbroker, calmly, and produced the notes. "You sweet-scented old idiot," said the young man as he pocketed the bills, "that's the same $10 gold piece that you wouldn't lend me seven dollars on at interest a minute ago." "I know it, my friend," said the pawnbroker,—"that was business—that was business."

An Ancient Ship Canal in Florida

Palatka (Fla.) Letter in New York Tribune

"Anterior to the time of occupancy of Florida by the people whom Ponce de Leon found here when he was conducting his romantic search for the fountain of perpetual youth, a race of men had partially constructed a canal across the southern end of the great cape. The work must be very old, for in the bed of the excavation are live oaks which have been growing fully a thousand years, as the ages of trees are determined. It is claimed that this old excavation can yet be used in the construction of a ship canal, and that additional openings of 14 or 15 miles will unite the waters of the Atlantic and the gulf, and afford a passage for vessels by a much shorter route, and free from the perils of the reefs and keys along both coasts. The saving of life and property by means of this transit would soon compensate for its construction, and it cannot too soon receive attention from those interested in navigation."

THE HEBREW CHILDREN.

Gathering of the Congregations in the City of New York.

NEW YORK, July 8.—The sixth annual Convention of the Union of the American Hebrew congregations, begun this morning. There was a large attendance and great interest was taken in the proceedings.

Moritz Loth, of Cincinnati, President of the Union, called the Convention to order, and prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Gottheil. Coroner Ellinger delivered the address of welcome to the delegates. He hoped this union of congregations would last as long in this country as Judaism.

Simon Wolf, of Washington, was chosen temporary Chairman; A. Bisinger, of St. Louis, temporary Secretary.

Committees were appointed on Credentials, and Permanent Organizations, and when these had retired, Dr. Sonneschien, of St. Louis, by request, made an address. He congratulated the delegates on such a large gathering of representatives of Judaism, from both the radical and conservative branches. He said that he was glad they had met in Sturtevant Hall, made memorable by the preachings of Prof. Felix Adler.

The sentiment created a good deal of excitement and some delegates called the speaker to order. Half a dozen delegates were on their feet addressing the chairman, but the uproar was so great that their voices could hardly be heard.

A motion to take a recess until the Committee was ready to report, was lost.

Dr. Sonneschein then concluded his remarks, which were of a congratulatory nature at the success of the Union.

The Committee on Credentials reported favorably on over 200 delegates, and the report was adopted.

The Committee on Permanent Organization reported the following for officers: President, Wm. B. Hackenberg, of Philadelphia; Vice President, Moritz Ellinger, Newark; Secretary, Lipman Levy, Cincinnati; Assistant Secretary, A. Binsinger, St. Louis. Moritz Loth, President of the Executive Board, submitted his report.

The report says: The sentiment of "Union in Israel" has grown and spread among our people in every section of the United States, for every patriotic Israelite readily and clearly perceives the benefit to be derived from every Israelite becoming a member of the congregation. To strengthen the congregations with membership, and to bring every congregation into the union, should be the aim of every Israelite who desires to see the standard of education elevated and the people advanced to a higher plane on the way to perfection.

The students in the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, are declared making such satisfactory progress in their studies that it is now necessary to erect a College building.

The consideration of the question of a stricter observance of the Sabbath is recommended; while an aim of the Union should be a young ladies' seminary; and also to lead brethren to agricultural pursuits.

Letters of congratulation from Adolph Cremieux, President of the Alliance Israelite University of Paris, and Baron Henry De Worms, of the Anglo-Jewish Association of London, were read. The motion to elect these gentlemen honorary members met with some objection, and finally the letters were referred to Committee on Correspondence. A number of invitations to visit institutions were received and a recess was taken.

DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.

It Results in the Suicide of a Rarely Beautiful and Cultivated Woman.

ST. LOUIS, July 4.—A romantic suicide occurred yesterday afternoon, which was not, however, discovered until the evening. The victim was a married lady, Mrs. Meata Barnard Hoffman, 30 years of age, the wife of August Hoffman, an old gentleman of 62, who keeps a grocery on the corner of Gamble avenue and Twenty-first street. The act was caused by disappointed ambition, the lady being, beside the possessor of rare beauty, quite clever in the literary line, a volume of poems she published in 1877 having met with very favorable comment from the local press. Her model was Alice Carey, and her friends say that she labored under great despondency of late, and acknowledged as the cause her lack of power to reach the position in the literary world for which she longed and worked in vain.

Her husband's health failing of late she was compelled to pass most of her time attending to the corner grocery, and this uncongenial employment drove her to commit the fatal act. Beside her body was a letter, in which she said she had committed suicide with morphine, and in which she gave minute instructions as to the disposition of her effects and person. From the specimen of her literary work displayed at the Coroner's inquest it was easily seen that the deceased was a woman of fine imagination and considerable culture, and that under more favorable circumstances she might have accomplished good literary work.

AN INQUIRY.

The English Want to Know What Is the Cause of the Business Depression.

LONDON, July 5.—In the House of Commons last night Government agreed to the motion of Henry Chaplin (Conservative) for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of agricultural depression, and how far they were created by or are remediable by legislation. The matter caused great debate. All sides agreed that a great cause of the depression was American competion. Chaplin, in his opening speech said that he regarded free trade as a question definitely settled, but he could not shut his eyes to the failure of many of the predictions of the advocates of free trade. He did not propose a remedy now, but only asked for inquiry.

He pointed out that the future fate of British agriculture was dependent upon the cost of production in America. If the cost of importation fell below the cost of production at home, the ruin of British agriculture was not far distans. Liberals, such as Brassey, MacDuff and Duff, blamed the British land system and game laws for the depression. Their arguments were summed up in a speech by Bright, who warned the landowners that the competition of the United States would go on increasing, and the only way of meeting it was to get rid of stupid and mischevious legislation, regulating tenure and transfer of land.

McIver & Bentinck advocated protective measures, but the Marquis of Hartington and the government, as represented by Viscount Sandon, Conservative, and Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared that no cause had been shown for such measure, which certainly would never be sanctioned.

The Marquis of Hartington attributed the depression primarily, to a bad season.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

How the War Progresses There.

PANAMA, June 28.—The Star and Herald says:

"Passengers from the South Coast report a battle at Caloma and the capture of that point by the allied forces. The Chilian losses are stated to be 1,500 killed. At Quillaqua, on the River Loa, a small Chilian advance guard was beaten. Some were killed and the remainder captured.

Campero was reported, the 16th of June, within 20 milef of Caloma and resting preparatory to an attack on the place. The Chilian iron-clad "Blanca Encalada" was much damaged.

There is a conspiracy to assassinate one General-in-Chief of Bolivia. In a fight in Magdalena, Colombia, the revolutionists were victorious. Several officers and men of the batallion which figured so prominently in Panama the 17th of April were killed. The British steamer "Osprey" has been ordered to Panama.

The Colombian Senate has directed the President to offer himself as mediator between Chili and Peru. The Chilian ironclad "Blanca-Encalada" was much damaged in the contest with the "Huascar" and suffered also, it is said, loss of life.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

How it was Celebrated in Different Places.

CINCINNATI, July 4.—No formal celebration of the day is in progress, but young America supplies the lack of ardor on the part of the elders in incessant shooting and shouting. The business houses are generally closed. A large number of citizens and excursionists have gone to the Hill and the Parks and Zoological Gardens.

CLEVELAND, July 4.—No regular celebration of the day here in consequence of the order of the Mayor prohibiting the firing of arms or fire-crackers in the streets. The city presents an unusually quiet appearance. On the West side there was a barbecue in Pelton's Park which was very largely attended. Tonight there is a grand display of fireworks in the base ball park. The day has thus far been remarkably free from accidents.

MEMPHIS, July 4.—The day is generally being observed, the streets are crowded with people, flags are flying from many buildings and the City presents a holiday appearance. At 10 o'clock this morning the fire department, under Chief Michael McFadden, paraded the principal streets, and afterwards gave an exhibition of the throwing power of fire steamers. A grand pyrotechnic display will begin tonight.

COLUMBUS, July 4.—The day is pretty generally observed here, business places being closed and many stranfiers in the The Turners laid the corner stone of their new hall this forenoon, with appropriate ceremonies.

ST. LOUIS, July 4.—Independence day is being observed here to the fullest extent. All business, except a few retail shops, is suspended, and all public offices and institutions are closed. The chief feature of the day, so far, is a grand parade by the Eight Hour Labor League, composed of numerous workingmen's organizations, German and English Socialistic Labor party and the Montgomery guards, which marched in uniform and fully armed. There were also several trades represented on wagons with mechanics working at their vocation, and a number of handsomely decorated vehicles filled with women and children in gay holiday attire. The whole presented a very fine appearance, and over half an hour passing a given point. After marching through several prominent streets, the procession started for Lindell Park in the northwestern suburb of the City, where the day will be spent in festivitiet of various kinds. Perfect order prevaded and everybody seemed intent on a day of fun and frolic.

LAKE WILLEN, Mass., July 4.—At a grand temperance and patriotic celebration Henry Ward Beecher spoke to a large audience on national affairs. He advocated a national not sectional feeling among the people and representatives and favored a Government by the people, Chinese immigration and honest money. Gen. Kilpatrick and Hon. Neal Dow also delivered orations.

A WESTERN CYCLONE.

Terrible Destruction of Life and Property.

ST. PAUL, July 4—The first complete and coherent account of the terrible destruction of life in Goodhue County, by the storm of Wednesday night and yesterday morning, reached here yesterday morning. The storm assumed the character of a cyclone near Red Wing Point, its great violence being at Vasa, a small village some 10 miles West of the Mississippi River.

The following from Red Wing is a special to the Pioneer Press: In the Town of Vassa the fury of the storm was at its height, making fearful havoc. It seemed to start about four miles beyond Vassa Church and traveled in a southwesterly direction. The Orphanage, which is under the care of the church, was completely demolished. It contained 24 inmates, besides Mr. Stronberg, who has charge.

Out of this number three were killed outright and 17 others injured, it is thought fatally. The house of Erich Swenson, close by, was blown down. He was killed and his wife severely injured. Mr. H. Ioome and wife, an elderly couple, were killed; also a baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Linded; also another party whose name has not been learned, making nine in all killed and four more not expected to live. The number wounded is 30. The square roof was blown from the parsonage, a little in the rear of the church, and blown down in the field, where it fluttered like a fan. The barn of August Peterson was blown down and his house badly injured; also, of course, the houses of all who have been mentioned as killed were blown down and many other houses injured.

The storm raged all through Belle Creek, where it blew down the house of Anthony Pettit, and completely demolished the barn of Walter Doyle. The blacksmith shop at Black Oak, together with the Postoffice, was scattered to the winds, and at different places in the town trees were lifted right off the ground by the roots and carried forward and set down without breaking a limb. At Warrentown on the lake shore, three houses were torn down, and a man and his wife and daughter, were killed in one of them. At Maidenrock two frame houses were demoralized and the top of the watch house was taken off but no lives were lost. The storm crossed from this side to Trenton where it unroofed Mr. Homelgreen's house barn and granary and broke down the large trees in his timber, smashing nearly every tree. The roof of Andrew Nelson's barn was blown away and completely smashed to pieces and the barn of John Taggart, another neighbor, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. These houses were all in the southeastern part of the town. The damage to the crops was considerable but not so bad as if the season was later.

Grain Trade.

LONDON, July 1.—The Mark Lane Express in its review of the corn trade for the past week says: Wheat is running to straw and coming into the car very slowly. All low lying lands have suffered grievously. Lastly large tracts have been submerged. Spring corn is sickly and weak. In short, the situation is becoming serious, as should storms occur later, there is every probability of cereal crops being inevitably damaged. Bright sun and rising barometer to day seem, however, to foretell a more seasonable spell.

The reports of the Scotch root crops are disastrous. A large area in the midland and higher districts is still unsown, and many fields are so seriously injured as to need resowing, although the improvement in prices, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, is so far more apparent in the provinces than in London. Appearances are now that the farmers' reserve of home-grown wheat is becoming sensibly reduced, and are decidedly in favor of a material advance. As yet only a shilling per quarter advance is occasionally obtainable. Arrivals of foreign wheat at Liverpool and London, lately, have been very large. Last week's Liverpool arrivals amounted to 52,000 quarters. The millers bought sparingly, but there was no quotable decline. Considering the consumptive requirements of the country, the demand for foreign wheat during the last few months has fallen short of the anticipations, probably in consequence of the large shipments of American flour.

Maize has been arriving very freely, and has fallen considerably on spot. Mixed Americans has been obtainable ex ship at 20s 6d and 20s 9d per 480 pounds. June and July shipments have been offered at 10s 3d. Barley and oats were not much changed but business was moderate. There was quite a demand for cargoes of wheat off the coast for the United Kingdom and continent at steady prices. A good many cargoes of white wheat were withdrawn. The demand for maize was restricted and prices declined 6d to 9 per quarter. Wheat for forward delivery, in spite of a greater disposition of sellers to meet buyers' views has been active. Maize declined 6d. Sales of English wheat last year were 36,280 quarters at 42s 6d, against 28,909 quarters at 46c 1d during the corresponding week of last year. Imports into the united kingdom during the week ending June 21, were 1,377,051 cwt. of wheat and 288,181 cwt. flour.

HARVEST IN FRANCE.

It Promises to be Deficient, and American Wheat Called For.

LONDON, July 8.—The Times says the firmness of the French Exchange is said to be due to the prospect of a demand for gold for the United States in consequence of the deficient harvest. Accounts from the French wheat-growing districts are certainly unfavorable, but, looking at the enormous accumulation of gold both here and on the Continent, it seems rather premature to speculate upon the probable effects of a drain thereof to America. Americans preferring to take their own bonds, as was the case last year, must be considered, and the probabilities are in favor of some improvement in our general business with America. It is also too early to assume a cetainty that European harvests will be seriously deficient.

Atlantic & Gt. Western R. R. bonds were very flat yesterday owing to the decision of the Master of the Rolls in the suit of the Erie R. R. Co., against James McHenry which is stated to be entirely in favor of the Erie Co.

A STEAMER CAPSIZED.

List of Lives Lost.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 4.—At Lake Quigsimond, this afternoon, the steamers "Isaac Davis," loaded with passengers, screened and the hurricane deck broke off. Scores of passengers were thrown into the lake. There were about two hundred passengers on the boat, and one hundred on the hurricane deck, with no opportunity to get off. Others rushed on the hurricane deck, and as they did so, the "Davis" careened over away from the wharf and caused the crowd to rush to the side and threw the struggling mass into the water. As the boat gave way the roof of the upper deck came crashing down on the engine and broke off the safety valve, which caused the steam to rush out, adding new terror. The boat rolled over still more, catching her gunwale on a spile, and became fast, and the great weight caused the supports of the hurricane deck to give way. The whole structure, down to the water line, crashed down into the water, at this point over 10 feet deep. Many swam to the shore or to the wharf, some 20 feet distant. Others held on to the wrecked hull, some to the floating roof. Prominent citizens, Mayor Pratt and wife, with many physicians, were at hand for assistance. The bodies were soon recovered. Killed: John Cahill, aged 50, and his daughter, 24 years old; Lewis Lechapelle, aged 30; Nellie Shackraw, aged 18, and three others not identified. Emma Hemingway, young man McKenna, Jeremiah Dean and wife, Samuel L. Gilbert, were slightly bruised. The missing are Edward Catourre, L. Desholles and Lewis Powers, of Clinton. The boat was new, launched on May Day. Length 63 feet, 22 feet over guards, about fifty tons burden, built quite flat on the bottom, drawing less than three feet when loaded. She had two passenger decks and could carry 400 persons. The upper deck who raised on supports about 10 feet above the main deck and came out even with as gunwale

OLD MAIDS.

Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the "Old Maids'" Convention.

Special Dispatch to the Cleveland Leader.

GEAUGA LAKE, July 5.—The Old Maids' Convention, an organization dating from the second year of the war, held their annual Convention to-day on the hospitable grounds of Capt. C. E. Henry, and was one of the most enjoyable affairs ever held in the history of the Society. The second year of the war, when boys were scarce, the now Mrs. Capt. Henry, Myra Robbins, and others, now of Cleveland, and this more local vicinity, conceived of a gathering without "boys," and it proved so successful, that it has been in existence ever since, with an increasing membership. The sobriquet "Old Maids," was given the society in ridicule, but came to be adopted by the society as the constitutional name.

The laws against members marrying are very rigorous. Any one doing so is subject to a fine of a box of cake or one hundred big brass pennies, and by a vote of the society may have the letters U. D. I. branded upon the sole of the right foot but like Congress impeaching President Hayes, it has yet to be done.

Nearly 70 young ladies were present, and it is reported that a fine meeting of the Society and an elegant picnic ensued. No gentlemen are allowed to participate until about 4 o'clock P. M. when a limited number, to take them boating on this beautiful lake, is permitted. A fine delegation of ladies from Cleveland made a welcome addition to the company. During the last year six members were married, including the President, but a large delegation were "sworn" in to make the vacancies good.

At the convention to-day George Nichols, of Aurora, was elected President; Della Root, of Bainbridge, Vice President; Etta Gould, of Aurora, Secretary and Treasurer.

Capt. Henry offers a silk banner to the Town sending the largest delegation of old maids next year.

KILLED IN THE HONEYMOON.

Unaccountable Rashness of a Bride and her Sister in Jumping from an Erie Train.

New York World.

Yesterday morning, about 10 o'clock, as the night express from Buffalo on the Erie Road was leaving Turner's Station, and the motion yet slow, a *World* reporter, who happened to be one of the passengers in the rear car, heard a young woman excitedly exclaim to another young woman, as they both rose together, "Oh, Lizzie, that was our station!" They then immediately and impulsively ran to the end platform, and without pausing to consider how the train had quickened, jumped off, one on each side. In the few seconds which had elapsed between their rising and gaining the platform the speed of the train was greatly accelerated. The bell was immediately rung to stop, the train was backed, and the conductor with several of the passengers proceeded to the spot only to find the unfortunate women lying where they fell and the eldest of them dead. The youngest, after being attended to by some ladies in the drawing-room car, revived sufficiently to spasmodically ask, "Louise, are you hurt?" Then the train was backed to Turner's Station, where the body of the unfortunate lady and her grief-stricken sister were left.

The depot agent at once recognized them. The one killed was Mrs. Louise Laroe, who had been only five weeks a bride as the wife of Mr. Henry Laroe, ticket agent at one of the neighboring stations on the branch road running to Montgomery. She was only 22 years old and a beautiful and winning person. It was clear that she had been instantly killed by concussion of the spine. Her sister was Miss Lizzie Clark, and only 18 years old. She is badly bruised and, it is feared, injured internally. These circumstances added to her heartrending grief will, it was said, so shock her system that fatal results may follow. The husband—widowed in his honeymoon—was immediately telegraphed for. The remains and the unhappy survivor were at once tenderly cared for by the family of the two sisters residing at Turner's.

The Foolishness of Ohio.

Richmond (Va.) State (Dem.).

It looks very much now as if the foolishness in Ohio had made the nomination of Tilden a necessity. Indeed there appears to be no other way out of the dilemma.

Wicked for Clergymen.

"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or other vile stuffs called medicines; but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."—REV. ——, Washington, D. C.

It is astonishing to see with what wonderful rapidity DAY'S KIDNEY PAD has come into favor

The Markets.

General Produce.

DETROIT, July 8.—Breadstuffs—Flour steady. Wheat higher; extra, 111c bid, 112c asked; No 1 white, 110¾c; seller July 110¾c; seller August, 105¾c. Receipts of wheat, 7,115 bu; shipments, — bu.

PHILADELPHIA, July 7.—Breadstuffs—Flour—market quiet; Ohio family good, $5 50. Wheat in good demand; No. 2 red in elevator, car lots, 112¾c. Corn in good demand; yellow western, 47c; sail mixed, in elevator, 43½c. Oats in active demand; mixed western, 37½@38c; white do, 39@41c.

BUFFALO, July 8.—Wheat—Market inactive Corn in fair request; good [illegible]ale at 38c; 7500 bu No. 2 at private terms; [illegible] No 2 at 40½c; 1000 bu high-mixed at 40[illegible] quiet; sales 3 cars white, on track, at [illegible] Rye neglected. Canal freights unsettled; asking 5½c on wheat, and 5c bid to New York. Railroad freights unchanged.

CINCINNATI, July 3.—Flour is dull at $4 75 @5 00. Wheat active and higher; new, at 95@102c. Corn unchanged at 38@38½c. Oats unchanged at 35@37c. Whisky active and firm at 104c. Provisions—Pork nominal $10 25. Lard is firmer; $6 00 bid. Bulk Meats held firmly; shoulders at $3 90@3 95; short ribs, $4 90@4 95 cash, $5 02½ seller August; short clear, $5 05@ 10. Bacon steady at $4 60@5 00@5 65@5 70

ST. LOUIS, July 8.—Breadstuffs—Flour firm and unchanged. Wheat higher and irregular; No 2 red, 95¾@100½c cash; 99¾c bid seller July; 98½c seller August; 96½c seller September; No. 3 do, 95c@96½c. Corn dull; 34½c cash and seller July; 35¼c seller August; 36½c seller September. Oats firm; 29c cash; 28¾c bid seller July; 26¾c seller August. Rye lower at 49c@49½c cash. Whisky firm at 106c. Pork quietat $10 25 cash. Dry Salt meats nominally unchanged. Bacon firm and unchanged. Lard nominal at $6 00. Hogs active and 10c higher; Yorkers to Baltimores, $3 85@4 00; rough heavy shipping, $3 40@3 60; butchers' to Philadelphias, $3 75@4 00. receipts, 763 head; shipments, 1,957 head.

TOLEDO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, July 9.—Wheat—The market has been dull and about unchanged, but new has an upward tendency, the various grades being quoted as follows: Spot Amber, 112c; seller July, 107c; seller August, 105c; seller September, 101c. Extra White Michigan, 111c; No. 1 White Michigan, 106¾c; spot No. 2 Red Wabash, 111c; seller July, 106¾c; seller August, 104½c; seller September, 101½c; No. 3 Red Wabash, 104c; new, 102c; new No. 2 Amber Illinois, 103¾ new Western Amber, spot, 107c; seller July, 106c; seller August, 104¾c. Corn dull; High-mixed, 38c; No. 2, 38½c Rejected, 36c. Other grades dull and nominally unchanged. Oats still dull at 26c for No. 2.

CHICAGO, July 8.—Wheat firm, higher and strong; 100¾c seller July; 98¾c asked seller August; 96¾c bid seller September. Corn in fair speculative demand and firmer; 39½c bid for seller July; 37½c bid seller August; 33¾c for seller September. Oats in fair demand and firmer; 32¼c asked seller July; 25¾c seller August; rejected, 37½c. Rye in fair demand at 51¼@—c cash. Barley—No. 2 nominally 70c. Provisions dull. Pork, $9 80 asked seller August, $9 65 bid seller September. Lard—$6 07½ seller July; $6 12½ bid seller August; $7 20 bid seller September. Whisky at 106c. Hogs—Receipts, 16,000 head; dull and weak; light, $3 90@4 00; heavy packing and mixed, $3 70@4 00; heavy shipping, $3 75@4 00. Cattle—Receipts, 850 head.

NEW YORK, July 8.—Cotton—Market is quiet; 12¼c for middling uplands. Flour 18 reported as a shade firmer; receipts, 20,000 bbls; sales, 15,000 bbls; $3 50@3 85 for Western; $4 00@4 10 for Extra State; $4 00@4 20 for Extra Western; $4 05@6 00 for Round Hook Ohio. Rye Flour—Market firmer. Wheat favorish and unsettled; Spring 2c@4c and Winter 2c@3c better; receipts, 67,000 bu; sales, 178,000 bu; No. 1 White, seller July, 113¾@113c. Rye quiet and firmer at 60@61¾c for Western; 64½@65c for State and Canada. Corn 1@1¼c better; receipts, 87,200 bu; sales, 80,000 bu; 41@44¼c for Western Mixed. Barley dull and nominal. Oats are reported firm; receipts, 120,000 bu; sales, 25,000 bu; 28¾@30c for Mixed Western; 30½@44c for White. Pork is dull at $10 20. Beef is reported steady. Lard is lower at $6 35. Butter—7@13½c. Cheese—2@6c. Whisky—106¼@106c. Sugar—6¾@6¾c. Eggs—10¾@11c. Petroleum —5@5¾c for crude, in bbls; 7½c for refined bbl. Tallow—5 15-16@6c. Coal is quiet and firm and in moderate inquiry. Leather fairly active and full prices at $30 00@32 50. Wool firm and quiet at 30@45c.

BALTIMORE, July 8.—Breadstuffs—Flour Market steady, unchanged; western superfine, $3 00@3 90; do extra, $4 00@4 70; do family, $5 00@5 75. Wheat—Western firm; No 2 Pennsylvania red, 120@121c; No 2 western winter red, spot, 117c; do seller July, 113½@113¾c; do seller August, 113½@113¾c; seller September, 113@—. Corn—Western firm; western mixed, spot at 44@44¼c; do seller July, at 43@44¼c; do seller August, 43@43½c; do seller September, 43½@46c; steamer, at 42¾@—c. Oats firm; western white, at 33¾@34c; do mixed, 31@32c; Pennsylvania, 40@—c. Rye quiet; good to prime, 58@60c. Hay firm; prime to choice Pennsylvania, $15 00@16 00; two car loads fancy do, $16 50, and some very poor cows at $7 00@7 50; exporters used 700 fat steers at $4 00@4 60; there were no shipments to-day but were fair for the week; the exports included 824 head alive and 3,740 quarters of beef.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 11,800 head; total for the week, 38,300 head; sheep a shade firmer at $3 25@5 50; lambs easier at $5 00@6 50 for southern, western and state; two car loads of fat southern sheep were purchased for the Eastern markets at $5 50. Only 3 car loads arrived for shipment direct to Liverpool. Shipments for the week, 885 head of live sheep and 1,000 carcasses of same.

Hogs—Receipts, 8,400 head; total for the week, 28,300 head; none offered alive; nominally firm at $4 10@4 25 for corn-fed western.

BUFFALO, July 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,581 head; through consignments, 181 cars; demand fair and prices stronger for shippers' grades; ran light; sales of shippers' steers good to choice, $4 60@5 00; extra, $5 15; medium, $4 20@4 50; light Missouris, $4 00@4 10@4 [illegible]; fat butchers lots, $3